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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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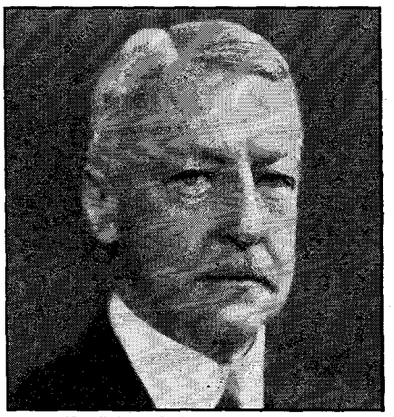

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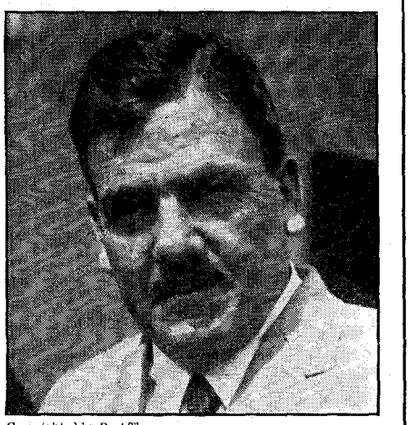
AMBASSADOR SHEFFIELD

Wide World photograph

SECRETARY KELLOGG



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PRESIDENT CALLES

THREE LEADING FIGURES IN THE WASHINGTON-MEXICAN TIFF

MEXICO "INSULTED" BY AMERICAN "THREATS"

A THINLY VEILED THREAT to let the Mexican revolutionists work their will on the Calles Government unless it treats Americans in Mexico as we wish, is clearly seen by the Mexican President in Secretary Kellogg's recent manifesto to the press, and he hotly resents it as an "insult." Whether he has caught Secretary Kellogg's meaning may perhaps be seen from the passages quoted below. If Calles has read it rightly, and the revolutionaries have also had a glance at it, what will be the heading of the next chapter? At any rate, it was a startling piece of news that greeted the public just when they thought the Mexican ship of state had reached an even keel. Since General Plutarco Calles peacefully assumed office last November as President of Mexico the news that has reached the American public from our sister republic to the south has been predominantly optimistic and reassuring. The impression was growing in this country that President Calles was meeting the high expectations which his election inspired. But out of a clear sky on June 12 Secretary of State Kellogg utters through the press words of warning to Mexico which, as one editorial writer remarks, "crackle like an ultimatum." The Secretary's startling statement was issued after he had listened to a report on Mexican conditions by our Ambassador to Mexico, and after a conference with President Coolidge and Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "Stern in its wording and alarming in its implications, the statement is doubly alarming because totally unexpected," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*, which also comments on Secretary Kellogg's unusual procedure in "broadcasting serious charges to the world instead of making them in a diplomatic note to the Government responsible." A great deal of American property has been taken without compensation, and in one instance taken by the Mexican Government"; "this Government will continue to support the Government in Mexico only so long as it protects American lives and American rights"; "the Government of Mexico is now on trial before the world"—these are some of Secretary Kellogg's blunt phrases in which President Calles detects an "insult" and "a threat to the sovereignty of Mexico." "Either the situation in Mexico is far graver than the American people suspected, or Mr. Kellogg's statement is inexplicable," remarks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Among the immediate effects of Secretary Kellogg's statement, the correspondents tell us, were: The virtual suspension of business by American importing firms in Mexico City; the uniting of Mexican sentiment behind President Calles; and a fiery demonstration by Mexican Communists in Mexico City against "the Yankee imperialism which manages the Mexican Government under the direct orders of Ambassador Sheffield." Among the sometimes contradictory effects predicted are: The strengthening of the Calles Government; the strengthening of a revolutionary movement; a check to American investment in Mexico, and a revival of intervention talk.

The statement given to the press by Secretary Kellogg on June 12 reads in part as follows:

"I have discust Mexican affairs with Ambassador Sheffield at great length. He has gone over the entire situation. It will be remembered that we entered into two claims conventions with Mexico under which joint claims commissions were appointed to adjust claims of American citizens for properties illegally taken by Mexico and for injuries to American citizens of their rights. These commissions are now sitting and will, in due time, adjudicate these claims. Conditions have improved and our Ambassador has succeeded in protecting American, as well as foreign, interests. Our relations with the Government are friendly, but nevertheless conditions are not entirely satisfactory and we are looking to and expect the Mexican Government to

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ONCE MORE
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

restore properties illegally taken and to indemnify American citizens.

"A great deal of property of Americans has been taken under or in violation of the agrarian laws for which no compensation has been made and other properties practically ruined and, in one instance, taken by the Mexican Government on account of unreasonable demands of labor. Mr. Sheffield will have the full support of this Government and we will insist that adequate protection under the recognized rules of international law be afforded American citizens. . . .

"I have seen the statements published in the press that another revolutionary movement may be impending in Mexico. I very much hope this is not true. This Government's attitude toward Mexico and toward threatened revolutionary movements was clearly set forth in 1923, when there was such a movement threatening the constituted Government of that country.

"The attitude taken by this Government at that time has since been maintained and it is now the policy of this Government to use its influence and its support in behalf of stability and orderly constitutional procedure, but it should be made clear that this Government will continue to support the Government in Mexico only so long as it protects American lives and American rights and complies with its international engagements and obligations.

"The Government of Mexico is now on trial before the world. We have the greatest interest in the stability, prosperity and independence of Mexico. We have been patient and realize, of course, that it takes time to bring about a stable Government, but we can not countenance violation of her obligations and failure to protect American citizens."

To this warning President Calles promptly replied with a bristling statement to the effect that Secretary Kellogg's words embody "a threat to the sovereignty of Mexico that she can not overlook, and rejects with all energy," and he went on to explain that Mexico "does not accord to any foreign country the right to intervene in any form in her domestic affairs." To quote the Mexican President further:

"The best proof that Mexico is willing to comply with her international obligations and to protect the life and interests of foreigners lies in the fact that altho according to international law she was not bound to do it, she invited all the nations whose citizens or subjects might have suffered damages through acts executed during the political upheavals that have taken place in the country, with a view to conclude with them conventions to establish joint commissions that might consider said damages in order to grant due indemnizations. . . .

"The application of the agrarian laws can not be a subject of complaint because Mexico has issued them in the exercise of her sovereignty, and apart from that, the State Department, in behalf of the American citizens, has accepted the form of indemnization prescribed by the Mexican laws.

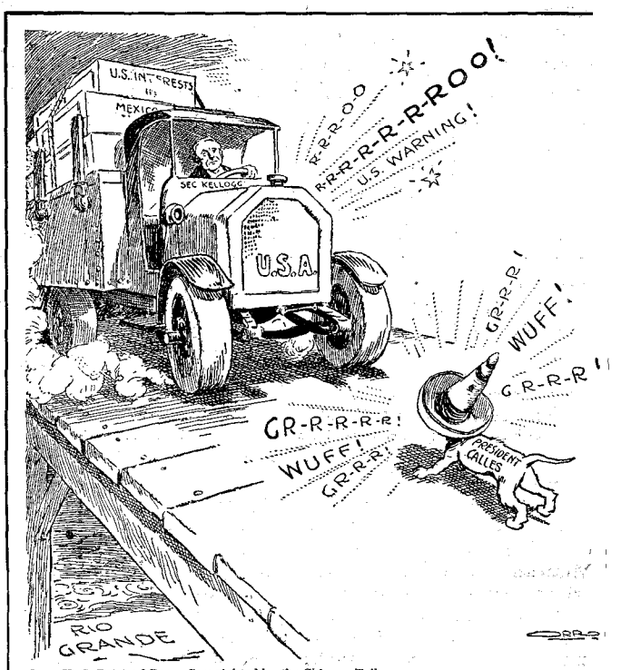
"It is to be regretted the contradiction found in Mr. Kellogg's statements, when he declares that the United States have the greatest interest in the maintenance of order in Mexico and in the stability of her Government, and at the same time stating that he has seen news of revolutionary movements, since this last affirmation tends to cast some alarm in the world in regard to the conditions of my country; and finally the statement that the Government of the United States will continue to support the Government of Mexico only so long as it protects American interests and lives and complies with its international engagements and obligations embodies a threat to the sovereignty of Mexico, that she can not overlook and rejects with all energy, because she does not accord to any foreign country the right to intervene in any form in her domestic affairs, nor is she disposed to subordinate her international relations to the exigencies of another country. . . .

"If the Government of Mexico, as affirmed, is now on trial before the world, such is the case with the Government of the United States as well as all those of other countries; but if it is to be understood that Mexico is on trial in the guise of a defendant, my Government absolutely rejects with energy such imputations which in essence would only mean an insult.

"To conclude, I declare that my Government, conscious of the obligations imposed by international law, is determined to comply with them, and, therefore, to extend due protection to the lives and interests of foreigners; that it only accepts and hopes to receive the help and support of all the other countries based on a sincere and loyal cooperation and according to the invariable practise of international friendship; but in no way it shall admit that a government of any nation may pretend to create a privileged situation for its nationals in the country, nor shall either accept any foreign interference contrary to the rights of sovereignty of Mexico."

"Mexico will back President Calles in his 'defiance' of Secretary Kellogg's warning," wires Jack Starr-Hunt in a Mexico City dispatch to the Washington *Post;* and he goes on to say:

"This became evident to-day when all the Senators and Deputies now in the capital sent the President messages expressing their support of his stand and congratulating him on his reply to the American Secretary. These messages, according to



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BARKING RIGHT BACK AT US—CAN'T BLUFF HIM!
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*

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VERY "HIGH HAT"
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

reports in official circles, were backed by strong indorsements from leaders in the Mexican Army. The President also received an indorsement from the Regional Confederation of Mexican Labor, which sees in the statement 'real feeling in behalf of the proletariat.'

"No event in recent years has stirred diplomatic circles here so much as the two notes."

Another dispatch from the Mexican capital quotes *El Democrata*, a semiofficial organ, as dismissing Secretary Kellogg's charges as fantastic and untrue. In Washington Ambassador Tellez, speaking for Mexico, declares that it is "the fixt determination and policy of the Mexican Government to carry out the conventions and to indemnify American citizens for property taken."

What is Mexico's agrarian policy that seems to be behind the present excitement? It provides, we are told, for the dividing up of great estates, and its purpose was to eliminate peonage. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* Carter Field supplies the following additional information:

"Ever since the passage of the Mexican Constitution in 1917 various Mexican States have been seizing property without compensating the original holders, altho these States were not legally empowered to disturb private property until the issuance of the presidential decree last January by President Calles.

"One high official of the Government, in discussing American-Mexican affairs, pointed out that this illegal and confiscatory action on the part of the Mexican States has continued for eight years, and that in no case has an American whose property was seized received payment.

"The point was strest that this Government does not object to Mexico passing any internal law on the seizure of property, providing just payment is made to the American or other foreign holders.

"The decree of President Calles, advising the Mexican States of their privilege to put into operation the 'seizure' features of the agrarian law, provided that under Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, passed in 1917, the expropriation of private property by the State authorities was permissible, but that compensation for such seizures must be made. The States were authorized to issue agrarian bonds in payment for the seized property. Thus far, however, none of these bonds have been printed, and no step has been taken by any of the State governments to fulfil the provisions of the Federal law regarding compensation."

The Washington *Post* credits President Calles with the best of intentions, but suggests that of late the agrarians and labor communists may have been forcing his hand. If the Mexican President sees in the note a threat to encourage revolution in Mexico, commentators in the United States take the opposite view. "It is an emphatic restatement of our intention to discourage revolution," remarks the Chicago *Tribune;* and in a Washington dispatch from Mark Sullivan to the New York *Herald Tribune* we read:

"The main purpose of the note is to say that, while the stability of the present Mexican Government is America's strong wish, America can not afford to pay for that wish with too unreasonable a sacrifice of our national self-respect and of the property of individual Americans."

A possible explanation of Secretary Kellogg's statement is seen by the Manchester *Union* in the current rumor that Bolshevism is making great headway in Mexico. Says *The Union*: "The spread of the principles of the Third Internationale in a country like Mexico, where more than 90 per cent. of the people are illiterate, is sure to produce conditions which we, as neighbors, could not ignore."

A number of our papers frankly criticize Secretary Kellogg's note as discourteous and undiplomatic. "It is flattering his methods to describe them as shirt-sleeve diplomacy," thinks the Philadelphia *Record;* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks that "if Huerta is not plotting a revolution the statement from Washington may well encourage him to start one." "The Secretary has confused strength with impoliteness," suggests the New York *World;* and the evening edition of the same paper remarks: "If there are any sound reasons for Mr. Kellogg's novel action he owes it to himself to set them forth." From William Randolph Hearst, who once advocated intervention, come some unexpected words of sympathy for Mexico. In a signed editorial in his New York *American*, Mr. Hearst says: "As a matter of plain fact, there are only two ways of protecting American lives and property in Mexico. One is by force and the other is by friendliness, and as I do not think that the well-disposed American people have the slightest intention of employing force, there remains only the policy of friendliness, which can be made perfectly effective if advanced with complete sincerity and with a proper appreciation of the problems with which Mexico has to contend."

INTERVENTIONISTS
—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

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A FLEXIBLE TARIFF THAT DOESN'T FLEX

SINCE THE TARIFF on sugar stays just where it is, after all these months of investigation and discussion, it is being remarked by papers of all political faiths that there is nothing quite so inflexible as the so-called flexible tariff. The idea of the law, of course, was to give the President power, on the advice of the Tariff Commission, to change tariff rates in accordance with changes in business conditions, and thus forever to put the tariff out of politics. But, since President Coolidge decides that the tariff on sugar can stay right where it is, irrespective of the Tariff Commission's recommendation that it be lowered, some of our most experienced Washington correspondents come to the conclusion that the flexible tariff is a dead letter, and that the Tariff Commission might just as well be abolished. The President argues that sugar prices are low enough anyway, and that the tariff should be retained in order to help our beet-sugar farmers and encourage them to diversify by planting more beets and less wheat. But Mr. Manly of the People's Legislative Service, a Progressive organization, predicts an early increase in sugar prices. The Democratic National Committee declares the Republican Administration responsible for an increase of two cents a pound in the retail price of sugar, and says that if President Coolidge had adopted the cut proposed by the Tariff Commission he would have saved the consumers of the nation more than $50,000,000 annually. And the New York *Journal of Commerce*, noting the President's argument that a sugar tariff is a good thing for our farmers who raise beet-sugar, challenges his assumption that "the farmers and the laborers in the beet-sugar fields will share with the factory owners the advantages of protection." It concludes:

"Unless we had some device for guaranteeing minimum farm prices for sugar beets along with a grant of protection to the industry, there is no way of knowing to what extent the farmer benefits by import duties. All we can know with certainty is that the consumer pays."

Little but politics can be seen by *The Nation* in the President's decision to keep the sugar tariff where it is:

"Mr. Coolidge has paid his debts. The sugar men financed his campaign last autumn; and the sugar men have profited by his action—or inaction—on the sugar tariff. . . . We would like him better if he said frankly: 'My friends, who are in the beet-sugar business, don't want the sugar schedule reduced. So I won't reduce it.'"

And speaking of politics, it is interesting to note that the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* calls special attention in its Washington correspondence to the political wisdom of the Coolidge method of handling the sugar tariff:

"Insistence by La Follette on a sharp reduction in the sugar duty and Coolidge's stand that the beet-growers must be protected wrought havoc last November with 'Battling Bob's' chances in some of the States in which he had counted on running very strongly. If the fight between La Follette and the President had been as close as the La Follette people confidently thought it was the sugar schedule alone would have been enough to have turned the tide.

"As it was, it probably was enough to decide the only really close State—North Dakota—against La Follette, while there is no denying the fact that Coolidge's attitude on this issue—on which he was opposed by both Democrats and La Folletteists—drove many thousands of Democrats in the beet-sugar States, which stretch from California to Michigan, including several in which La Follette had been expected to show great strength, to vote for Coolidge."

But assuming a protectionist policy, the Democratic New York *World* and Baltimore *Sun* find Mr. Coolidge's argument fairly convincing, even tho they do not accept his conclusions. Another Democratic paper, the Brooklyn *Citizen*, thinks the refusal to reduce the duty on sugar "will be approved by fair-minded Americans and disapproved by the political demagogs." In the opinion of such a strong Coolidge supporter as the New York *Evening Post:*

"The decision is sound economics and good politics. Nobody is worrying much about sugar. Housewives, recalling thirty-cent war sugar and the ten-cent price two years ago, are not troubling about six-cent sugar.

"Out in the sugar-growing States is where the economic and political effects will be greatest. Salvation of 20 to 40 per cent. of the beet-sugar industry means something to beet-growing States and their farmers."

The sugar-tariff investigation, President Coolidge reminds us in his statement of June 14, was started in 1923, when the wholesale price of granulated sugar in New York was 8.4 cents a pound, as compared with the pre-war price of 4.9 cents. "The abnormally high price of sugar in 1923," he admits, "furnished reasonable grounds for complaint and suggested remedial action through reduction of the tariff on raw sugar." So the Tariff Commission, in a majority finding, on July 31, 1924, finally recommended a reduction of the duty on raw sugar from 1.764 cents a pound to 1.23 cents. But by that time, it seems, the price of granulated had dropt down to a little more than six cents, in May of this year it was 5.48 cents, and on June 17 it was 5.7 cents. So President Coolidge has this to say about the consumers' need of cheaper sugar:

"As compared to pre-war commodity prices, sugar is relatively one of the cheapest articles on the American market. Refined sugar approximately back to pre-war prices stands out in contrast with the general food-price index, which is estimated at approximately 50 per cent. above pre-war."

Then he proceeds to the argument based on thrift, that the proposed reduction would make a $40,000,000 hole in the Government's annual revenues, and that the sugar duties are very important from the revenue angle, since for the last ten years they have afforded about 25 per cent. of the Government's revenues on imported goods. Next he turns to the protectionist argument that because of the varying costs of production the reduction of duty recommended by the Tariff Commission majority would leave 20 to 40 per cent. of our present beet-sugar acreage without tariff protection. This would mean a cut in beet-sugar acreage which would be injurious to the consumer by decreasing our domestic supply of sugar, and would be a serious menace to agriculture because our excessive wheat acreage is being supplanted by beet-sugar acreage as part of the campaign for crop diversification. Mr. Coolidge is of the opinion that any temporary gain to the consumer from a reduction in the duty now would be more than offset by the eventual rise in prices due to a decrease in the domestic supply. And in general he thinks that prices and conditions in the industry are so changeable that it is undesirable to make any tariff changes without a longer period of more stable conditions. But he adds that any recurrence of abnormally high prices might warrant a reconsideration of his present decision to leave the sugar tariff alone.

The result of all this, comments the New York *Times*, "is to leave the sugar duties untouched, but to leave the Tariff Commission wrecked." Here Mr. W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* agrees. He even ventures the prediction that with the present Tariff Commission the flexible tariff scheme "will be retired to the obscurity that has overtaken all previous plans to take the tariff out of politics. Human nature must be different from what it is before huckstering politicians in any party will consent to forego the opportunity for gain that for so many years has been associated with the tariff in this country." Under the circumstances it would not be surprizing to David Lawrence, so he writes in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "if the Director of the Budget recommended to President Coolidge that the Government might economize by abolishing the Commission altogether or reducing it to the status of an investigating board, which it had during the Wilson Administration"

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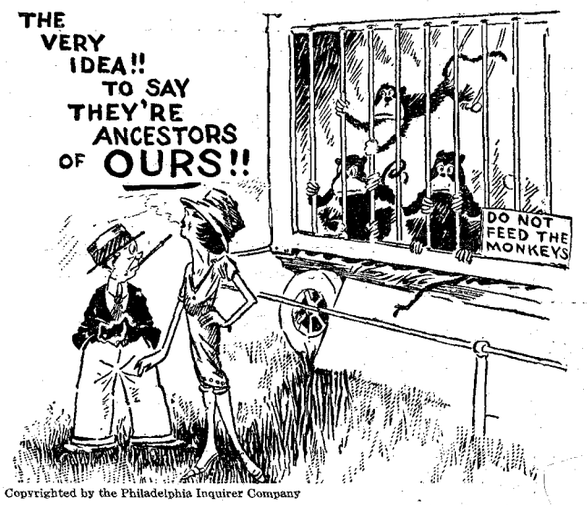

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SOMETIMES UNFAIR TO THE MONKEYS, TOO

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

PAPA!

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

—Cargill in the South Bend *Tribune*.

ENJOYING THE SPOTLIGHT

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

HOW DOES HE DO IT ON GRAPE JUICE?

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

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THERE'S A LIMIT TO DEMOCRACY

—McCay in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

NOW THE CARTOONISTS ARE MONKEYING WITH EVOLUTION

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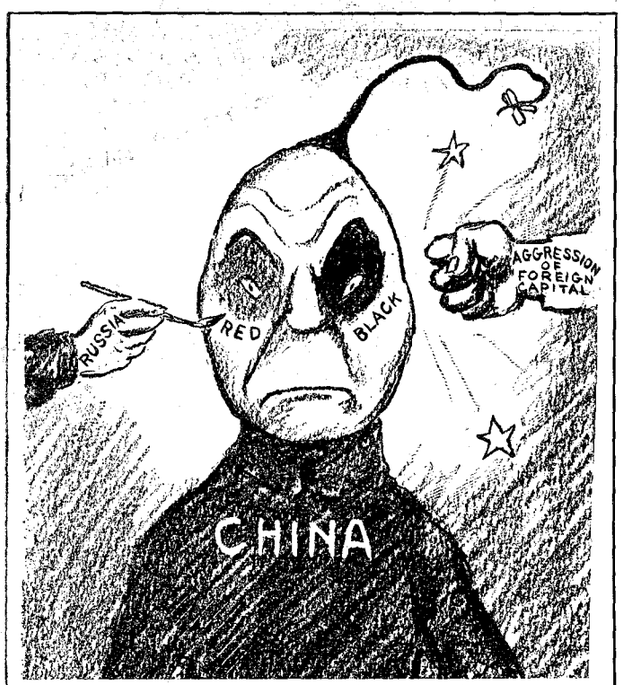
THE RISING SPIRIT OF NATIONALISM IN CHINA

CITIES SEETHING WITH INDIGNATION and unrest. Civil war at its worst. Revolting scenes of murder and pillage in Canton, following its capture by Chinese "under Bolshevist officers." The slogan "One Foreign life for every Chinese life!" The assassination of a British subject, following that of an American. A series of anti-foreign disturbances in China's larger cities. These make up, in part, "the ominous situation that may lead to a complete new China—and friction all over the Pacific," to quote the St. Louis *Star*. "One constant element in the picture," notes the New York *Times*, "is



THEY SEEM BOUND TO DECORATE HIM!
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

the rising spirit of nationalism as embodied in the student masses. The idea of the young generation is a strong, united, and independent China." The present Chinese movement, beginning a month ago at Shanghai, "is simply a declaration of political independence," points out the Montreal *Star;* "a demand that China have the right to administer justice in her own land." Furthermore, we are informed by the Shanghai correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, "the missionaries and Chinese Christians are sympathetic toward the students and strikers of this city, and in favor of a settlement on the basis of the minimum demands of the Chinese."

The present situation in China, in the opinion of a Boston *Herald* writer, Alleyne Ireland, "undoubtedly menaces the peace of Asia and, inferentially, the peace of the world." A foreign investigation commission has arrived from Peking to look into the killing, by non-Chinese police, of six student members of a Shanghai mob. This was the beginning of China's sudden blaze of anti-foreign feeling. Ten days later, when the investigation commission arrived from the Chinese capital, they were presented with these joint demands of the labor unions, the shopkeepers' union, and the students' union, according to the Shanghai correspondent of *The Daily Worker*, a Chicago Communist organ:

"1. That the Powers give up martial law.
"2. That naval forces be withdrawn.
"3. That arrested leaders be liberated.
"4. That the police responsible for the shooting be tried for murder.
"5. That the International Settlement compensate the families of those killed.
"6. That the British and Japanese Governments be required to make a joint apology.
"7. That the British Secretary of the Municipal Council be discharged.
"8. That the Chinese residents in the foreign settlement be permitted to print newspapers and circulars without interference.
"9. That the International Mixed Court be restored to Chinese control.
"10. That the foreign consular jurisdiction be abolished.
"11. That the British and Japanese naval units be withdrawn from Shanghai forever."

Moreover, says the Shanghai correspondent of the London *Mail*, "a strong body of Chinese opinion supports the movement in favor of abolishing foreign concessions and abrogating treaties." As the Houston *Chronicle* explains:

"For many years European nations and Japan have sown the wind in China, and now it seems they are to reap the whirlwind. China's best ports have been occupied, her customs collections taken out of her hands, areas marked out in which no Chinese authority is recognized, and humiliating conditions of many kinds imposed on her. And now, fanning the flames of alien hatred, are conditions in the sweat-shop cotton-mills established by the Japanese and British in Chinese cities. And it seems that when Chinese students protest they are shot down in their own cities by armed aliens.

"While the Western nations are arousing the hatred of these 400,000,000 of humans, whom we are pleased to call uncivilized, word comes that Soviet Russia is intervening definitely on the side of one strong faction. Just how far Soviet influence has spread in China doubtless no man living could say, but the evidence is all too plain that if China is awakened she will join hands with Russia as against Japan and the Western nations."

"The Buddhist faith, whose chief commandment is 'Thou shalt not take life,' is holding back the Chinese from taking up arms," writes David Lloyd George, Great Britain's former Prime Minister, in the New York *American*, "but just as the Christians broke away from the teachings of the early Church, so the Chinese may break away from Buddha if the provocation and temptation become too great. And an alliance between the enraged Buddhists of China and the sulky Bolsheviks of Russia would result in the most formidable combination the world has ever seen since the days of the Huns."

The present series of disturbances in China, says the Seattle *Times*, "found its inspiration in the Kuo Ming-Tang, the political party of the late Sun Yat-Sen, the slogan of which is opposition to foreign domination in China's affairs." "If serious trouble develops," predicts the Springfield *Union*, "it will not be because of isolated conflicts such as the Shanghai revolt, but because of conditions that affect the Chinese state of mind." Continues this New England paper:

"Underlying not only the present separated disturbances, but the entire Chinese disorganization, is an anti-foreign sentiment that has existed in some form and in some degree ever since the first missionaries were thrust out of the old empire. Conditions have greatly changed in seventy years, but the Chinese feeling against foreigners has in recent years taken a new and more acute form because of a developing national resistance to conditions imposed by foreign Powers.

"Into this constant and general cause of friction many factors enter. Here is a country seeking to set up a national autonomy but bound by certain international treaties which are supposed to be for its benefit. From one point of view undoubtedly they are, but from the Chinese point of view they are unjust and make it impossible for the disorganized republic to organize and function autonomously.

"The Chinese tariff provides one example of the many causes of friction. The customs tariff in force in China is a nominal 5 per cent., which is fixt by international treaties and can not be changed without the consent of the Powers. This rate not only is an infraction of China's administrative integrity but, of course, it limits her revenue-raising power. China is not allowed to impose a duty of more than 5 per cent. on articles shipped

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in by treaty Powers, while these same Powers for the purpose of their own revenues impose duties as high as 200 per cent. on similar imports to their own countries.

"Generally speaking, China can not set up a capable government because the Powers won't let it do so, and the Powers won't let it do so because China is unable to do so. There is the vicious circle into which many things enter to create the anti-foreign feeling in China."

"It is difficult to predict to what extent the present disorders will go," cables Thomas F. Millard, Shanghai correspondent of the New York *Times*. That depends, he asserts, "on the plans of the inner committee of the Chinese radical party, which instigated and directs the movement now sweeping China." Continues this experienced observer:

"The master minds are confident of their ability to abrogate unequal treaties and the foreign concessions ultimately, provided Great Britain and America are unable to agree upon concerted action. The Powers should realize that this program is not visionary, but is quite logical and supportable by many reasonable arguments.

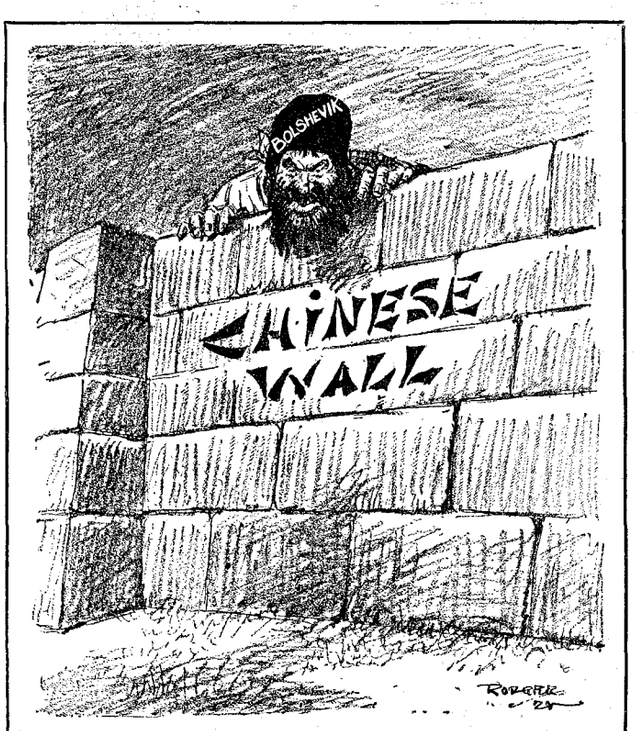
"Regarding the future outlook, the existing agitations may soon be composed unless they get out of the hands of the radical master minds, who require an interval to utilize the psychological reactions to exert pressure upon Peking and the militarists.

"It would be a great error to regard the subsidence of the disorders as evidence that the crisis is over. Quite the contrary is true. This crisis is only a step toward the objectives of the liberation party, which are certain soon to be revived when the reactions from this episode have been consolidated and further organized.

"The Western Powers are getting the results now for allowing France for petty reasons to hold up the procedure to assist in stabilizing China under the Washington Treaty."

"This arrangement," explains *The Times* editorially, "reaffirmed the principle of the 'Open Door' and guaranteed freedom from interference in the affairs of China by any one Power." We read on:

"Its purpose is to preserve China from falling under the political or economic sway of any one Power to such an extent as to endanger the peace of the East. Another agreement signed at the same time provides for the revision of Chinese customs duties—a matter of the greatest importance to China's internal and external relations.



THE RETURN OF THE TARTAR

—Rodger in the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

A MUCH NEEDED "BULL" IN THE CHINA SHOP

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

"Just why France has steadfastly refused to ratify the Nine-Power Treaty has never been clear. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the treaty is not yet in force. Should any foreign action be necessary as a result of the present disturbances, the non-ratification of this treaty might present unpleasant diplomatic complications."

While there seems to be no demand for the "foreign action" of which *The Times* speaks, the Jersey City *Journal* is of the opinion that "the foreign capital that has gone into Chinese enterprises and the men who have gone into China in good faith are entitled to protection." In an editorial tearing to tatters the "nondescript, weak-kneed Peking Government," the Detroit *Free Press* concludes that, in view of the present situation:

"The immediate task before the Powers, including America, is to localize and extinguish the flames. It may eventually be necessary to revise their whole position of foreign interests in China, with a view to uprooting conditions which native agitators and 'Red' agents might otherwise continue to use as pretexts for trouble-making.

"But for Britain or America to stage the proverbial ostrich act at this time would be disastrous. They have got to face the music together. There is no native force in China that is capable of restoring order and security. There are many forces there which can and will try to profit by more chaos. Between Muscovite diplomacy, ruthless and treacherous, on the one hand, and a pack of native war lords waiting for any excuse to jump at each other's throat, China faces a good chance of being torn to bits. In spite of herself, the foreign Powers interested in China's future must save her."

An inkling of what may be done to save China is given by W. W. Jermane, in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*. According to this correspondent:

"There is just a possibility that in the coming months the good offices of this Government will be sought for the calling of an international conference that will have China as its chief object of discussion. Because we have not violated the law of nations in our dealings with that country, its people, altho inclined to despise all foreigners, look upon us with more favor than upon the governments of Europe. We are on good terms with both sides, and sincerely and unselfishly wish China well. If there is to be such a conference, it is quite evident that we must take the initiative with respect to it."

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THE AMERICAN NEGRO AS A SOLDIER

SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE ARMISTICE one of the most distinguished American officers in the World War "stirs up a hornet's nest," to use a newspaper phrase, by calling in question the negro's ability to meet the demands of modern warfare. "They are really inferior soldiers," said Gen. Robert Lee Bullard of one negro division. Since the General's reminiscences containing these statements are published all over the country by a newspaper syndicate, they have stirred up so much comment, particularly from negro papers and from officers who led negro troops, that we have what amounts to a nation-wide debate on the military ability of the American colored soldier. Negro papers like the Louisville *News* insist that the General is making "a bitter and prejudiced attack" on the negro soldiers. Nor do the protests come only from the colored race, for the Boston *Post* declares that the General's charges constitute "an inexcusable slur upon the colored troops who fought in France." It is in order, therefore, to notice just what General Bullard has said, and what other authorities have to say, about the record made by our colored troops in the Great War. When General Bullard took command of the Second Army in France he found that it included one negro division. He learned, so the story runs in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that at the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne a part of the division "had twice run away from in front of the enemy, causing the French to request the relief of the negro division from the fighting line." General Bullard, who happens to be a Southern man born in Alabama, says he had the kindest feelings toward the negro as a soldier partly because of the excellent conduct of a negro regiment he had commanded in the Spanish-American War. He continues:

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"THEY ARE REALLY INFERIOR SOLDIERS"

So Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., Ret., wrote in his war-time diary of the 92nd Division (Negro) which was under his command.

"I remembered how our Government seemed to expect the same of them as of white men, or at least placed them in positions that so indicated; how politics constantly forced for them the same treatment as white men, when they were very different; how they themselves insisted upon such treatment.

"The 92d Division had a complement of exceptionally good higher officers and general staff, mostly white regular officers whom I knew. But among them all, except the general in command of the division, I found when I made the investigation of their charges of cowardice, the most profound discouragement. Not one of them believed that the 92d Division would ever be worth anything. It was the most pitiful case of discouragement that I have ever seen among soldiers.

"The negro division (diary, November 1) seems in a fair way to be a failure. I have been here now with it three weeks and have been unable to have it make a single raid upon the enemy. They are really inferior soldiers. There is no denying it. Their negro officers have an inadequate idea of what is expected of soldiers. As I remember, in those three weeks this division of some 27,000 men captured one German!

"The French had had like experience with their negro troops in their front-line trenches against the enemy. The negro, it seems, can not stand bombardment. This experience did not agree with the experience of the Regular Army of the United States with negro soldiers. . . .

"Altogether my memories of the 92d Negro Division are a nightmare. When all my thought, time and effort were needed to make war against a powerful enemy, they had for a week to be given over entirely to a dangerous, irritating race question that had nothing to do with war making, the paramount matter of the time. I fear that it will always be so with negroes wherever they are in contact with whites. This thought, and my experience, led me to this conclusion: If you need combat soldiers, and especially if you need them in a hurry, don't put your time upon negroes."

General Bullard's statements are promptly challenged by spokesmen for the negroes. W. D. Johnson, editor of the New York *Gazette*, a negro paper, maintains that "the record of the negro as an American soldier furnishes one of the brightest pages in the history of the country." It is also recalled that General Pershing said, in an address delivered to the 92d Division a few weeks after the Armistice: "The American public has every reason to be proud of the record made by this Division." "The record made by colored troops in France," declares Emmett Scott, one of the leading authors and journalists in this country," to quote the New York *Herald Tribune*, "will stand the acid test of investigation." Of the General's statement that the division captured but one German in three weeks the Boston *Post* says:

"One German! And we happen to know a young colored officer in this division who, single-handed, took seven German prisoners, and has their names and addresses.

"The whole thing is a violent exhibition of race hatred, unwarranted by the facts and uncalled for in every sense of the word. The 92d, in spite of its being in a quiet sector, suffered 185 battle deaths and had 1,495 men wounded.

"These colored troops were not all heroes; but are all white soldiers heroes? They did their work willingly, bravely and well."

To James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, this particular chapter of the Bullard memoirs "is the most unjust and defamatory article that has yet come to my attention." According to this authority:

"General Bullard does not stop with recording alleged facts. He utters generalizations to the effect that negroes are inferior; that they are racially inferior.

"Fortunately, there are a number of other military observers of the highest standing, from Gen. George Washington down to the officers in the A. E. F., whose observations belie the generalities General Bullard sees fit to base upon his experience.

"In reference to the A. E. F., I may cite General Sherrill, Col William Hayward, Col. Arthur Little and Maj. Hamilton Fish, all of whom repeatedly and in public have spoken and written in the warmest terms of the devoted loyalty, the unflagging cheerfulness and the unexcelled bravery of the negro troops under their command."

Of the four officers mentioned above, only the comment of Major Fish, now a Representative in Congress, is available. Says this former officer of the 369th New York Infantry:

"General Bullard's article shows a degree of animus against the colored soldier which is unusual from an Army officer who should be familiar with deeds of heroism performed by negro soldiers in all our wars.

"According to General Bullard's own statement, the 92d

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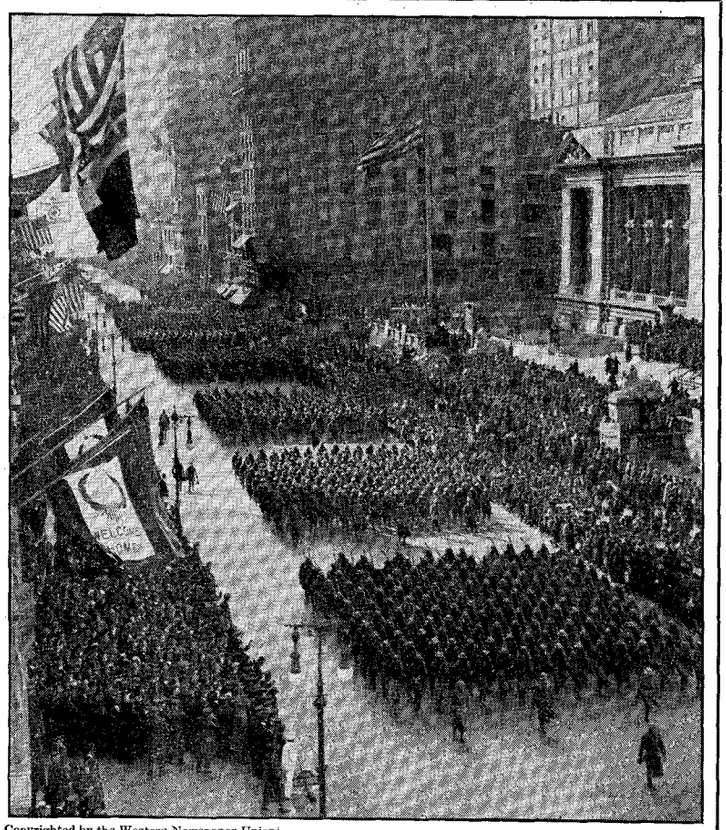
Division was under his command only a few weeks, yet he undertakes to condemn all negro soldiers of cowardice and inefficiency because of the mishandling of the division under his command. The 92d Division (Negro) in General Bullard's Army never had a fair chance from the beginning. The men were lacking in training and the junior officers were inexperienced and not accustomed to command. Many of the soldiers were recruits who had never seen a rifle in their lives, drafted from the cotton and corn fields less than two months before being ordered to participate in a general offensive. It seems to me that the responsibility for the 'profound discouragement' in the 92d Division rests largely on General Bullard's shoulders."

"In organizations like the 369th," we read in a New York *Herald Tribune* editorial, "and in the regular colored regiments, the negro had a chance to show what he could do, and he did it bravely and well."



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THE NATION HONORS HER NEGRO SOLDIERS

In February, six years ago, the members of the 369th Infantry and the Old 15th New York marched along Fifth Avenue in a parade held in their honor on their return from the World War.

The Chicago *Tribune* quotes letters from officers in this very 92d Division—both white and colored—who distinctly differ with General Bullard. A white officer with the division insists that its inefficiency was due entirely to some of the higher officers in command, "who did not want to see the division succeed and did everything in their power to make it fail."

A subscriber of the Chicago *Tribune*, whose name is not given, but who "lives in the Black Belt," according to this newspaper, also rises to defend the negro as a soldier. "From the standpoint of the negro, no better answer could be made, in our opinion, to General Bullard's article on the 92d Division," says *The Tribune* editorially. We therefore quote the letter, in part:

"First, what General Bullard has said about the total failure of the 92d is lamentably true. On the other hand, some smaller units of negro troops carried themselves very creditably. These, of course, were composed mostly of Northern boys, while the 92d was composed mostly of Southern negroes.

"Under the system of race discrimination that is generally practised throughout the country, negroes, in times of peace, have very little opportunity to fit themselves for intelligent leadership in war. They have had scarcely any chance to enter students at West Point, none at all to enter men at Annapolis. They are not allowed to rise to positions of trust, to become managers, foremen, or superintendents, where they may learn the art of handling successfully large bodies of men.

"In the North, they do have the advantage of a liberal and fair educational system. In the South, they have not even this.

"It is folly, as General Bullard suggests, perhaps unintentionally, to keep a people inferior in time of peace, and then to expect them to rise to untold heights of superiority in time of war. The same is true with regard to the question of their morals. Virtues can not be taught to peons, and good breeding can not be imparted where education, development of intelligence, opportunity, and the sense of manhood are denied.

"General Bullard's conclusion, that negroes should not be used for combat soldiers, especially if needed in a hurry, is a very good thought. Perhaps a better one would be that something should be done to remove the conditions that are keeping them so terribly unfit. The difference between the 92d and those units which came from the Northern area of greater opportunity shows that progress and development are possible."

NEW YORK'S REPLY TO THE CHARGE THAT THE NEGRO DOES NOT MAKE A GOOD SOLDIER

Brooks Square, New York City, dedicated on June 14 to the memory of Private Dorrance Brooks, of New York City, educated in the New York public schools, killed in action in the Argonne-Meuse leading forward a remnant of a section of the Third Machine Gun Company, 369th Infantry, after his four white officers, two colored sergeants, and two colored corporals had been killed or wounded.

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS—UP TO DATE —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

PHILANTHROPY: Giving it back.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

NOTHING invigorating in Europe's owe-zone.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE perplexing problem is to get the tolerant to tolerate the intolerant.—*Toledo Blade.*

ONE way to cure the reckless driver might be to sentence him to walk for a while.—*Canton News.*

WHY should a "great commoner" worry so much about his ancestors?—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

POLICE are still hunting bootleggers. Most everybody else seems to have found theirs.—*New York Evening World.*

IT begins to look now as if the evolutionary war would be fought out by the P.H.D.'s and the R.F.D.'s.—*The New Yorker.*

MANY a youngster who gets out of college this month will soon be wishing he had got more out of it.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IT is getting so that the innocent bystander can not understand where theology ends and religion begins.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

TENNESSEE is at least consistent in not favoring evolution: it was also the last State to grant woman suffrage.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

CHICAGO girl says she will marry the man who pays her father's debts, but applicants had better find out who made the debts.—*Columbia Record.*

IF we understand Dr. Fosdick correctly, the great trouble with the Church to-day is that it is leading a catechism-and-dogma life.—*The New Yorker.*

A NEW YORK physician claims to have discovered a sure cure for hip trouble. He should be enlisted in the Prohibition enforcement squad.—*Omaha Bee.*

No bids having been received for any government-owned property in the last forty-eight hours, we are forced to the conclusion that Henry Ford has gone on a buyer's strike.—*Life.*

ITALY has extended to its women the right to vote and to fight in time of war, but as yet has been unable to devise a law which will compel them to descend from a street car correctly.—*Life.*

THE World War was a war to end war, and there are moments now and then when something crops up abroad to make us wonder vaguely whether Versailles wasn't a peace to end peace.—*Detroit News.*

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, lays claim to the distinction of having more Who's Whos among its inhabitants than any other town of its size in the country. On or about July 10, this title is expected to pass to Dayton, Tennessee.—*Life.*

To the fly an open door is only a one-way street.—*Detroit News.*

THE North Pole knows what it's about when it wears an ice-cap.—*Buffalo Express.*

SCIENTISTS report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't.—*Tampa Times.*

WOMEN learn to swim sooner than men because the men have to teach themselves.—*New York American.*

OUR grandchildren may accept the monkey theory on the record of State legislatures.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THIS country would be in great shape if law enforcement were as inflexible and unrelenting as a sugar tariff.—*Detroit News.*

AFTER all, there is much to be thankful for. Nobody has yet compiled an anthology of Senate poetry.—*Waterbury Republican.*

IF Mussolini should pass his mantle along to D'Annunzio, as one rumor has it, Italy would simply be going from bad to verse —*The New Yorker.*

DEMPSEY has announced he will not fight a German. Let's see—he felt the same way about it during the war, didn't he?—*New York Herald Tribune.*

MAYBE Mr. Bryan and the Solid South would have felt better about everything if Darwin had said "donkey" instead of "monkey."—*The New Yorker.*

THE French say the Riffs are wild marksmen. It must be borne in mind, however, that for some years now they have been firing at sprinters.—*Detroit News.*

THE United States Government has discovered a flealess dog It now only remains necessary to discover a mosquitoless summer.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

HAVING been cut off from their water supply by the Coast Guard blockade, the rum-runners are joining in the national chorus of "How Dry I Am."—*Life.*

A STRANGE anomaly is that the one man in the United States who could best afford to pay for advertising gets most of it for nothing.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

BRITISH novelist says Americans rush but don't get anywhere. Evidently he didn't visit our Traffic Courts. Nor did he inspect our hospitals on any Monday morning.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WE learn from a trade association that 2,500,000 men in America are now wearing silk underwear, proving among other things that there's darn little privacy left in this country. —*Life.*

GENERAL DAWES might arouse a little more enthusiastic popular support if he devised some way of slowing down the production of legislation instead of speeding it up.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

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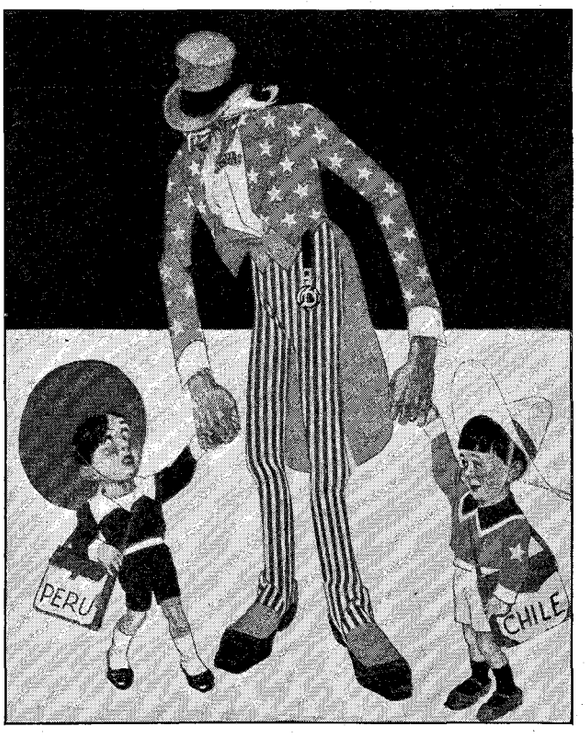
FOREIGN - COMMENT

TO KEEP COOL WITH LATIN AMERICA

THE "DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT" provoked by Secretary Kellogg's recent pronouncement regarding Mexico, and by President Calles's prompt interpretation of it as a threat to Mexico's sovereign rights will be "generally without influence in South America," according to an interview given to newspapers in New York by a Peruvian Senator passing through the city. But the interchange of statements between Mexico and this country, it is noted by some, comes at the interesting moment when the Latin-American press are discussing the thirty convention and treaty drafts prepared by a committee of the American Bar Association with the assistance of the State Department and the Pan-American Union Bureau. These drafts are said to cover the entire range of international relations between the United States and the South American Continent, and we learn from the press that they will be submitted to a congress of jurists assembled in Rio de Janeiro next fall, who in turn will report to their respective Governments on the question of the legislation necessary to put them into effect.



"THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL LAW IS UNCLE SAM'S INTERVENTION"

UNCLE SAM: "I am glad to see that you will at last shake hands."
—*Caras y Caretas* (Buenos Aires).

The chief objection raised by Latin-American editors seems to be that the proposals involve a codification of international laws which the Latin-American countries hold to be a direct blow at the League of Nations, of which most of them are members. The Buenos Aires *Prensa*, for instance, calls sharp attention to a paragraph in one of the convention drafts, which reads as follows:

"The American republics which are members of the League of Nations are pledged to accept the international laws and regulations followed by European countries, reserving to themselves the right to protest against such laws or regulations affecting their sovereignty or independence, and to repudiate them if need be. Their membership in the League does not deprive them of the right to enact or contract other agreements which they may consider more favorable to their development and progress.

"The American republics state herewith that American considerations shall rule in American matters, in agreement with international laws, if possible, and if not, they *shall be free to establish or create any such new principles or precedents as they consider necessary* to the welfare of the American Continent."

According to *La Prensa*, the above declarations do not leave any doubt as to the significance of the projected treaties. Meanwhile, it is recalled by some editors that altho the framers of the Treaty of Versailles specifically refer to the Monroe Doctrine as a "regional understanding," thus implicitly acknowledging the legality of the doctrine, the fact is that of late it has been frequently denounced by certain Latin-American newspapers.

The Argentine delegate to the Court of Justice at The Hague and to the League of Nations, Dr. José León Suárez, is quoted as having said at a League meeting, that "Latin America is firmly convinced that international order and security can be achieved only through international justice; and that continental or regional understandings must disappear and give way to the higher interests of humanity." But he added, also: "To be secure, the future equilibrium of the world must follow the lines adopted by American civilization. In the New World, a constellation of new democracies, inspired by high ideals of international justice, is being formed around the nucleus provided by the model Constitution of the United States." These declarations of Dr. Suarez are considered to be of unusual importance in that he uttered them at the end of a meeting during which no agreement could be reached on a proposed codification of international laws; and the conference adjourned after having appointed subcommittees to draft new proposals which will be presented late in the fall.

As to the proposals prepared by the American Bar Association, with the assistance of the Department of State and the Pan-American Union, the Buenos Aires *Nacion* considers them a great contribution to better relations between this country and Latin America, and it observes:

"Should the agreements be accepted by all, it would mean that the United States acknowledges certain international limitations, and accepts a compact of mutual protection and defense against European aggressions. This would give a bilateral meaning to the Monroe Doctrine, which had heretofore been somewhat vexing in that it afforded protection as an unrequested benefit, instead of as a fulfilment of mutual obligations.

"The rejection of the Versailles Treaty by the United States has placed the other American republics in an equivocal position, since they are obliged to intervene in European controversies, and practically forbidden to expect help from Europe in case of American aggression. If the new treaties now to be discust are accepted, they will surely be presented to the League of Nations for its final approval, and if this is obtained, the dubious position of the Latin-American nations at the League and at Washington will disappear."

This optimistic view is shared by such journals as the *Mercurio* of Chile, and *El Dia* of Uruguay. The latter newspaper sees in the present undertaking a vindication of the plan long advocated by former President Brum of Uruguay, who urged not only a complete codification of international laws, but also the establishment of a tribunal strong enough to enforce them. But on

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the other hand adverse critics of the proposed treaties base their strictures on the contention that they do not reach the root of the problem and will not put an end to aggression and intervention. Among those holding this view are the *Diario del Comercio* of Guatemala, *El Espectador* of Colombia and *El Cronista* of Honduras, which says:

"While theoretically condemning forcible intervention in other people's affairs, the proposed drafts of international law do not state the sanctions to be applied to the violators. As long as a commercial balance favoring the United States exists on the Continent, there can be no effective sanction against that country, which is able to dictate the course of events almost everywhere.

"Strong Powers never have and never will abide by the findings of arbitral commissions. See the case of Italy with Greece, of England with Egypt, of the United States with Mexico. We strongly suspect that the thirty elaborate documents so studiously prepared by the North American jurists for discussion at Rio, are only destined to give a few days' extra work to the respective chancelleries and then become the prey of moths, or reach the 'Never, never Land' as beautiful dreams of modern Peter Pans in search of immortal happiness."

The very words "Monroeism" and "Pan-Americanism" are utterly discredited in Latin America because of the commercial expansion policies of the United States, hotly declares *Listin Diario* of Santo Domingo, which goes on to say:

"Welcomed in the last century, Monroe's pronouncement is to-day a double-edged sword, since there is no Power in the world strong or sensible enough to protest against the doings of the United States on the South American Continent. As to Pan-Americanism, it has become discredited because it has served only to further the interests of American industries, big business and commercial imperialism. The very mention of the term is an insult to the purity of intention announced by Monroe. God grant that Mr. Kellogg abandon the policies of Mr. Hughes! Otherwise, the great North American republic will daily become more and more separated from the heart of Latin America, where a score of free nations are anxious to secure peace and justice, yet without this implying a diminution of their sovereign rights."

Speaking of the necessity of force in carrying out the decisions of any tribunal of arbitration, comment of a distinctly "hot spell" and "yellow tinge" is uttered by the Paris *Quotidien* about the Tacna-Arica dispute between Peru and Chile, which is to be determined by a plebiscite. This French daily says:

"Whatever the outcome of the plebiscite, Peru will declare war on Chile. In such a conflict Peru would be vanquished because of the superior armament and preparedness of Chile. Nor is there the chance that Peru might seek a foreign alliance to strengthen its hand. In that case the United States would have to go to war against Peru, or else abandon Chile to her fate. The other South American countries could not avoid being drawn into the fighting, which would most probably provoke the armed intervention of Japan, which is eagerly awaiting a propitious occasion to strike a mortal blow at America's prestige."

A CANADIAN VIEW

"Boy, page St. George!"

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

BRITAIN'S UNEMPLOYMENT PLAGUE

A PLAGUE OF UNEMPLOYMENT has stricken Britain for more than four years, and how deeply it has troubled the Government and the employers has been shown frequently in these pages. Its effect on trade-unions, we are told, has been reduced membership, depleted financial resources and restriction in action. The determination of the workers "seriously to tackle the cancer eating into the vitals of our national life" was exprest in the designation of June 21 as "unemployment Sunday," writes Walter M Citrine, Assistant Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, in *The Labor Magazine* (London). This is the official monthly journal of the British labor movement. In the sixty years before the war, he relates, the average of unemployment in this country was slightly over 4 per cent. This figure was based on Trade-Union returns, but, he points out, it has proved to be sufficiently accurate to be taken, in a 'corrected' form, as the actuarial basis for the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1920. Within the period of sixty years there were, of course, recurrent crises of unemployment, in which the percentage rose to 8, 10, or 12 per cent. above the average, but "never before have we had anything like the higher percentages that have ruled in this country since the end of 1920." Under the influence of the unemployment period, he avers, trade-unions have been unable to pursue "the militant and aggressive policy which the traditions of trade-unionism require them to adopt in face of the inroads upon established standards made by the employers during the period of the economic slump." This labor leader goes on to say:

"For reasons of prudence and practical expediency the unions have felt it necessary to consolidate and conserve their forces. There has been no effective alternative to this policy during the past four years; but there is now a growing feeling among trade unionists that Labor's quiescent mood has encouraged both the Government and the employers to make no serious attempt to deal with unemployment. The continuance of the economic crisis has, indeed, proved useful to the employers who are bent on compelling the organized workers to accept lower wages and longer hours. The passive policy of the trade-unions can not any longer be maintained. A decisive change is coming over the attitude of organized Labor toward the tragedy of unemployment."

To those who can remember the unemployed agitations of twenty or thirty years ago, Mr. Citrine goes on to say, the present fatalistic attitude must seem very remarkable. Before the war, he says, it would have been unthinkable that "we should accept resignedly the gigantic unemployment of the last four years," and he proceeds:

"It is the considered opinion of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress that the time has come to rouse the

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country to a recognition of the terrible evils of the abnormal unemployment which has been allowed to continue for more than four years. An active and vigorous protest requires to be made against the Government's attitude toward the problem and against its supine acceptance of existing conditions. The General Council is convinced that the restoration of our foreign trade to its pre-war level would do much to lessen the present abnormal unemployment in those industries which are suffering so much from the loss of export markets. But it is impossible to restore pre-war foreign trade as long as Russia is excluded from the comity of nations.

"The General Council has, therefore, taken steps to lay before the Prime Minister on behalf of the Trade Union Movement a demand for the complete diplomatic recognition of Soviet Russia and the encouragement and support of trade relations with Russia by the application of the Overseas Trade Acts to Russian trade. The Council also emphasizes the importance of including Russia in the family of nations.

"NO GETTING OUT OF IT"

—*Western Mail* (Cardiff).

PERSIA'S BUBBLING POLITICAL POT

A DETERMINED STRUGGLE for liberation from all foreign influences is going on in Persia, it appears, as is the case in so many Oriental countries. The Persian movement is said to be directed by the men standing at the helm of the Persian ship of State; and, as in other countries of the East, the movement for national independence is naturally combated by those influential groups of the population which are bound up with various foreign countries. An illuminating account of the Persian political situation from a strictly German view is provided by the Teheran correspondent of the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, who says that the country which has suffered for centuries from the evils of political intrigue—in fact ever since the death of Shah Abbas, Persia's last powerful and enlightened ruler—is again in the throes of internal conflict. This informant continues:

"The conflict now in progress is waged on the one hand by the Progressive National Democrats, who are striving for the economic reconstruction and political independence of the country, under the leadership of Persia's energetic Premier, Mirza Riza Khan, and on the other by the Anglophile Modarras party, which is composed of adherents of Shah Ahmed, who are now living away from Persia 'for reasons of health.' The situation of Riza Khan has become very difficult, but it can not be considered as perilous. The Modarras party is made up individually chiefly of priests, wealthy business men and wealthy land-owners, who, under the Shah's administration, exerted unlimited power because the Government was then too busy settling foreign financial problems to be able to look after domestic affairs efficiently. Hence their hostility to Mirza Riza Khan, who finds time not only to manage Persia's foreign affairs, but also to maintain strict order in domestic administration.

"In order to have the free hand needed for straightening out some complications the Premier has entrusted the control of Army matters to Morteza Khan, the Military Governor of Teheran. Previously the Premier had obtained from the Medjelis (Parliament) a vote allowing him supreme control of the Army in his capacity of Minister of War. The Premier is backed by a great majority of the people. They consider him as the savior who freed them from the constant disorganization of home affairs, from arbitrary methods of Government and from shameful extortion. His greatest menace is the impoverished economic state of the country and the ever increasing crisis in its financial affairs."

This German correspondent goes on to say that the Premier's political foes naturally make capital of these difficulties. He alleges that they are intriguing with the three Powers economically and politically interested in Persia, namely, England, Soviet Russia and the United States, and he charges that they have succeeded in making matters infinitely worse. He blames the machinations of the Modarras party, which, he says, is backed by Great Britain, for the complete failure of the endeavors of the American Financial Commission, headed by Dr. Millspaugh; and he tells us it can hardly be expected that the Commission's contract with the Persian Government will be renewed after its expiration in July. The deficit in Persia's State budget is given as about 3,500,000 tumans, which is equal to about 20,000,000 gold marks or $5,000,000 and this despite the fact that some schools have been closed, reductions have been made in administrative costs and other drastic measures adopted. We read then:

"The Government's last financial hope, namely the expectation of a credit of $10,000,000 in return for a concession for the exploitation of the oil-fields of northern Persia, has not yet materialized. The Sinclair Oil Company, to which this concession was promised, became involved in the American oil scandal; and the united efforts of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and of the Standard Oil Company have resulted in its elimination from the Persian field of competition for oil. There is hardly any likelihood of a solution of the oil-concession problem in the near future. This is due to the recent intervention of Soviet Russia, which, on the basis of Section XIII of the Russo-Persian Treaty, opposes the grant of such concessions. According to this section Persia may not give former Russian concessions in the north of Persia to any third foreign Power."

This German observer maintains that Riza Khan can not be held responsible for the hard straits in which Persia now is. The possibility that his "noble and honest efforts will end in tragedy" is not to be overlooked in this German view because—

"He must struggle not only against the unpatriotic adherents of the Czar; but also against England, which is interested in hindering the process of Persia's internal consolidation. Events that have just taken place in Resht, and in other cities of northern Persia, where the devotees of the Shah have attempted a *coup d'état*, are undoubtedly a bad symptom. This attempt at uprising was in part the result of a statement issued by the young Shah from his present residence at Cannes, France. The young Shah declared that he purposed to return to Persia. To this Premier Riza Khan replied in the Medjelis that, if the Shah tried to carry out this intention, he would proclaim Persia a republic. Following the Premier's retort came the *coup d'état* which was crusht in the germ. Yet it is a serious warning because half a year ago no one would think even of opposing Riza Khan by armed force."

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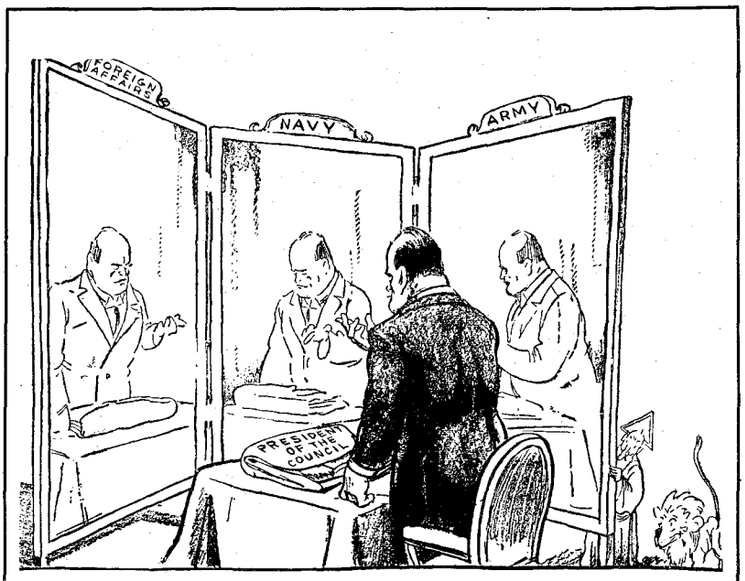
MUSSOLINI "BACK ON THE JOB"

WITH THE RECOVERY of Premier Mussolini from his long and serious illness it is said that Italian politics are again in activity, and that in every phase of them the focal point is the personality of the one man. The big opposition groups remain on the Aventine, and people, even including the anti-Fascist public, are described as being bored by their obscure and complicated tactics. So writes a Milan correspondent of the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin), who says that the elderly ex-Premiers who oppose Fascism are remaining on the floor of the house in the hope of being eventually joined there by the Aventinists. This informant continues:



ITALY'S COUNCIL OF MINISTERS

MUSSOLINI: "As the Minister of War is of the same opinion as the Minister of Marine and the Minister for Foreign Affairs is satisfied, the President of the Council desires to announce that the sitting is ended."

—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

"They watch Mussolini as the latter assumes one Ministry after another. The 'Duce' is now Minister of Marine as well as Minister for War. In the country the chief event has been the choice of Farinacci, the fire-eater from Cremona, as Secretary-General of the Fascist party. Farinacci wants to 'shoot the lot,' so he proposes that the Government shall introduce capital punishment into the Italian law; but he will not get his way in this matter.

"Mussolini has made speeches on all sorts of subjects, from foreign policy to women's suffrage. His best was on women's suffrage. It was man's talk, and quite unparliamentary. He likes the twentieth century woman, and finds plenty of poetry about her. Therefore, give her the vote, as she wants it. It is true she hasn't usually the power of synthesis; but, after all, votes are not of much importance. And the woman who loves her husband will vote the same way as her husband; if she doesn't love her husband, she has already voted against him. 'Excruciating' applause greeted this sally. The atmosphere grew a little colder a moment later when the speaker referred to the 'next war,' and proposals which he intended to introduce dealing with the mobilization of women on that occasion. The majority of the Fascist Deputies were opposed to votes for women; but they voted for the measure to demonstrate fidelity to their chief."

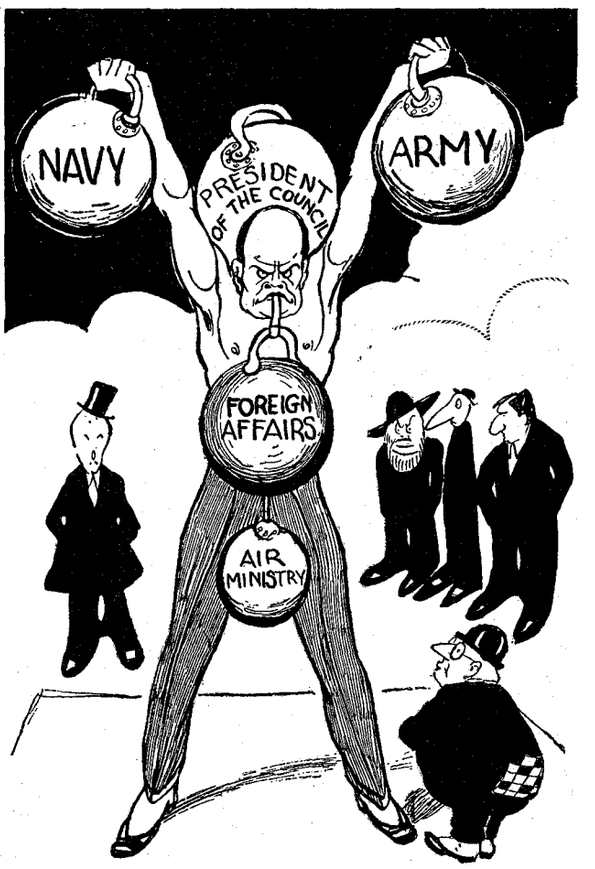
Mussolini attributed Hindenburg's success in Germany to the incoherence of Allied policy, according to this correspondent, who avers that, like most Italians—outside the Francophile city of Milan—he regards the event with equanimity. Mussolini said, this informant declares, that the signature of Hindenburg to an international pact will be more valuable than that of a German Socialist leader. We read then:

"A less convincing point in connection with Hindenburg's election was that made by an Italian nationalist journal, namely, that, to assure peace, all nations should be armed to the teeth. Then no one would dare to attack. The trouble in 1914 was not the military efficiency of Germany, but the military inefficiency of her neighbors. The presupposition here is that peace and the maintenance of the *status quo* in Europe are things to be desired. But peace and the *status quo* could be assured in a less costly fashion by general disarmament."

The *status quo* on the Austrian frontier of Italy is said to be a cardinal point of Mussolini's foreign policy, and hence his warning that Italy will not tolerate "any idea of union between Germany and Austria." In this matter Mussolini marches with France, we are told, while on the questions of the Rhine and of Poland his attitude seems to correspond rather with that of England. Outside of Milan, it appears, sentimental hostility toward Germany hardly exists in Italy, but—

"On the other hand, there is a good deal of sentimental resentment toward France, and even toward Britain. People feel that the attitude of France toward Italy since the war has been rather discourteous and ungrateful. But there is no fear of France, or of England, both of which are regarded by self-confident Italian patriots as countries with a past, 'fed-up' countries, and, therefore, pacifist. Germany, however, like Italy, has still the 'will to power.' An Imperialist Germany and an Imperialist Italy might march amicably together over the rest of Europe if it were not for that question of the territory about the Brennero annexed by Italy, where the Germans are a majority of the population."

Despite the reports of Mussolini's recovery, the London *Saturday Review* expresses itself ominously about his actual health.



MUSSOLINI'S RECOVERY

OPPOSITION: "Confound the doctor who cured him!"

Il 420 (Florence).

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HATS ON, HEADS OFF, IN TURKEY

OFFICIAL SANCTION was needed, it appears, for the Turks to wear straw hats and other forms of twentieth century head-gear. The traditional fez, according to Constantinople press dispatches, may henceforth be disregarded or replaced by the latest Western importations as the result of a decision by the Senior Quasi or judge in Turkey in which he cites a passage from the Koran. The passage in the Koran to which the judge calls attention declared that, if a Moslem buys a cow from a Christian who is accustomed to wear a hat, and if the cow refuses to give milk to its new master, it is lawful for the new master to put on a hat in order to milk the cow satisfactorily. Fortified by this text, says a Constantinople correspondent of a New York newspaper, the judge ruled that fidelity to Islam is not a matter of head-gear, and henceforth any good Moslem is free to wear whatever head-dress he likes without in any way diminishing his reputation for piety. This informant adds:

"The judge's ruling was obtained after wide-spread uneasiness in Turkey caused by the recent order of Emin Bey, Prefect of Constantinople, authorizing visitors to the Prefecture and his staff to remove head-dress. The Army, Navy and municipal police likewise recently adopted peaked caps and school children requested permission to attend classes bareheaded. One of the first results in the breach of the old tradition is the appearance for the first time of many Turks in straw hats."

But the question of hats is not the only problem of the Turkish Republic, we learn from other Constantinople sources of information, which indicate that there is much dissatisfaction with the régime of President Mustafa Kemal Pasha. His so-called anti-clerical policy offends many, it appears, but what makes them angrier still, writes a Turkish correspondent of the Berlin *Rul*—a Russian anti-Bolshevik daily—is the fact that in the past year the cost of living has risen 50 per cent. The reluctance of the Government to admit foreign capital into the country on a large scale is also severely criticized; and among other complaints this informant has heard is the burden of extremely heavy taxes and the decay of once prosperous seaboard cities, including Constantinople, which are described as being "now economically dead." The suppression of the Kurdish uprising, we are told, cost the Government millions of Turkish liras. And, "no one knows how it will make ends meet in the problem of the budget." [A Turkish lira is normally worth about $4.40.]

Readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST will recall that the Kurdish revolt, led by Sheik Said, an influential Kurdish chieftain, began early in February, and subjected to Turkey all the trials of war. Two mobilizations, it appears now, were proclaimed by Kemal Pasha in order to suppress the rebellion which spread far beyond the limits of Kurdistan proper. We are advised that only at the end of April, when four army corps were concentrated there, did the government troops succeed in decisively defeating the Kurds. The *Rul's* Turkish correspondent quotes an official communiqué of the Government, reading as follows: "Sheik Said, the leader of the rebels, Sheik Abdullah, Major Kassym and a number of their friends and followers have been taken prisoners between Mush and Varts. The government troops are pursuing the rebels who have scattered all over the mountains." The *Rul's* correspondent then says:

"It can not be doubted that this is the end of the uprising. To be sure here and there groups of rebels are still fighting the expeditionary troops, but these are the final agonies of the whole movement. The capture and imprisonment of its leader has already had a demoralizing effect on the Kurdish tribes. Most of them disband or surrender to the government forces.

"Sheik Said has been taken under a strong guard to Ledje. At first he refused to answer any questions, but letters sent by him to other Kurdish chieftains, which were intercepted by the Government, reveal the causes that prompted him to take up arms against Kemal Pasha. For instance, he bitterly assails the Government for suppressing the Ministry of Religion, for secularizing church property, for closing religious schools, for legalizing prostitution, and for having abandoned the prohibition of alcoholic drinks. Under such conditions, declares Sheik Said, the Kurds can not live with the Turks.

"The unfortunate rebel leaders were later transferred to Diarbekir, where they will be tried by the Tribunal of Independence, a sort of court martial introduced by Mustafa Kemal Pasha for the uprising. At this place they will probably be hanged."

Confirmation of this prediction would seem to be evident in Turkish dispatches to various European newspapers, which tell of the execution of a large number of Kurdish insurgents, and of drastic repression of the Kurds, whom the Government has decided to punish severely. The *Rul's* correspondent goes on to say that the Government is profiting by the extraordinary measures necessitated by the uprising to suppress not only the rebels, but also all opposition to the Government in the National Assembly and outside it. For this purpose he says a series of laws has been decreed which renders the authority of President Mustafa Kemal Pasha and of his Premier, Ismet Pasha, virtually dictatorial. Furthermore, this Russian correspondent relates:

"Under pressure of the dictator the National Assembly suspended its sessions for the period from April 24 to October 29. Thus Mustafa Kemal Pasha's Government does away with parliamentary control for six full months, and this in spite of the fact that it was a very submissive parliament. . . . According to two new laws the Angora Tribunal of Independence has the right to pass death sentences. Also, the Government is authorized to introduce in the eastern vilayets, where the uprising occurred, such reforms as it deems appropriate, without waiting for parliament to reconvene in October."

This Russian informant, who is obviously a severe critic of the Mustafa Kemal Pasha régime, says that the Turkish opposition hardly dares utter a word against the oppression of the Government. He tells us that many of the editors of opposition newspapers which have not yet been suppressed, fill their columns with fiction instead of political comment, lest their remarks displease the authorities and result in their being brought to court for trial or arrested without trial. Only very influential and authoritative members of the opposition such as Kara-Bekir Pasha and Fuad Pasha dared to criticize the Government in the National Assembly during the recent session, we are told, and their speeches were considered notable examples of political courage. This Russian journalist says further:

"I asked an old Turkish politician to give me his opinion of the probable consequences of the reforms decreed by the Government. Instead of giving me a direct answer he told the following story. Years ago, under Sultan Abdul-Medjid, the Ottoman Ambassador in Paris was Suleyman Pasha. Once he came for a short business visit to Constantinople. During his stay in Constantinople a parade of the Sultan's guards was organized at Beikos. The deportment and the discipline of these selected troops produced a splendid impression upon all present. After the parade was ended the War Minister came up to Suleyman Pasha and said: 'Tell me, Pasha, in how many days can we destroy Paris with such an army?' The Ambassador answered with a skeptical smile: 'Why should you send a whole army to France? Let French affairs be administered by our Government, and that country will be ruined in twenty-four hours.' Such is the opinion of impartial and reliable Turkish observers of their own Government."

All talk about a "Westernized Turkey" is idle, according to a contributor to *Foreign Affairs* (New York), who says that Turkey is to-day what she has been for a hundred years and more, "a most useful weight in the European balance of power," and he adds:

"Internationally she is supported by the jealousies and suspicions of rival Powers, just as a keystone is held in place by the arches on either side. Great Britain finds her most useful in blocking the Russians from the Mediterranean and the route to India. Russia is content to see her hold the Straits until such time as the old Russian dream may come true. She enters as a factor in the Franco-Italian rivalry for supremacy in the Mediterranean. No European Power would willingly see her replaced by a rival. The great Straits and the intercontinental land passage centering at Constantinople are too vital."

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EXPLORING A WORLD OF DREADFUL NIGHT

IN THE WORDS OF PROF. J. ARTHUR THOMPSON, "the sea-floor is a world of dreadful night and utterness of darkness which probably is intensified by the fitful gleams of phosphorescent light given forth by the deep-sea animals." This distinguished student of marine life is explicitly speaking of conditions imagined and not experienced, for he continues: "Perhaps it is not unlike a very poorly lighted suburb of a big town—perhaps like a moor on a very dark night with only a few stars overhead." There is another student of marine life, however, who is in position to speak from observation of the sea-floor at first hand—not the floor of the deep sea, to be sure, but very respectable depths, none the less; and whose work, moreover, may lead in the near future to visual exploration of the abysms. This is Mr. J. Ernest Williamson, who is at present engaged in filming colored moving-pictures of sea-bottom life among the Bahama Islands. At the depths where he works, with translucent waters and dazzling sky above, darkness is by no means absolute, yet it is necessary to use artificial light—for example, banks of Cooper-Hewitt mercury-vapor lamps, each of 2,200 candle-power. As reported in *Light* (Cleveland, Ohio), by Carl W. Maedje, it is explained by Mr. Williamson that powerful searchlights are not practical under water, because a beam that might carry twenty miles through the air would operate as a beam only for forty feet or so under water, the light being scattered in all directions by reflecting particles in suspension. Nevertheless it is hinted that the problem of supplying "wet light" at great depths is by way of being solved, by use of tough glass and small bulbs to resist pressure. Meantime the lights already available have served admirably at the depths to which Mr. Williamson's unique moving-picture studio permits him to descend. The wide-spread interest in his methods and results is evidenced in an article by Jean Stelli in *Le Monde Illustre* (Paris), who thus describes what he speaks of as the "Williamson process":

Copyrighted by J. E. Williamson

IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE DEEP

The picture is illustrative of the darkness which divers must encounter when they explore the caverns of the ocean. A battered hull is seen at the right.

"The inventor constructed a metal chamber weighing three tons, comprest air being used in the walls to aid in resisting the water-pressure at considerable depths. A crystal window in one side is about four centimeters thick.

"At the top of this cage is a man-sized flexible tube extending upward to the floor of a raft of special construction at the surface. This tube, progressively strengthened to meet the steadily increasing pressure at greater depths, is nevertheless so flexible that it sways unharmed in ocean currents and under influence of surface waves that might otherwise break it. Through this safe, if not very convenient channel, the observer gains entrance to the submerged chamber.

"Here, then, is a submarine studio from which moving-pictures may be taken of the sea-floor and its denizens. At a depth of thirty meters, two wonder-workers, camera and electricity, join hands to lift at least a corner of the veil of mystery that has shrouded the marvels of the deep: strange fishes, scintillant as jewels and delicate as flowers; diaphanous shell-fish; mysterious hybrid creatures—half vegetable, half animal—spring into being and register their palpitant activities on the cinema film."

The French writer, marveling at what has already been accomplished, indulges the hope that, with the incessant progress of science, the "day will come when the hardy pioneers in this alluring field will be able to penetrate the profound abysms where dwell obscure monsters comparable to those that roamed the surface of the earth in the Quaternary Age!" And Mr. Maedje, viewing the prospect from a slightly different angle, and inspired by the thought of the aid a newly invented lamp may give to the submarine diver, declares that men will risk their lives—fighting man-eating sharks, asphyxiation, and crushing pressure—"for treasure alone, if not for glimpses of submarine grandeur," and concludes with this reminder that something besides fantastic fishes and "hybrid creatures" may be found in the "world of dreadful night":

"Treasure! Just a whisper of the word works magic. It fires the imagination, conjuring up pictures of sparkling gems, piles of gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, and more. In the wink of an eye it conjures up the booty of bloodthirsty pirates and the hidden treasure of the famous Captain Kidd. Why, even the most unromantic business men have lost their heads at the thought of Fate flinging a fortune into their laps. And so, expedition after expedition has been fitted out to find the various sunken treasures of the sea. But without adequate light for the divers, success has seldom come; failures have been the rule.

"Two great treasure finds, however, were made last year. One of these occurred in the summer when divers succeeded in recovering $25,000,000 in the form of gold and silver ingots out of the strong room of the ill-fated White Star liner *Laurentic*. Perhaps you have not forgotten that she was torpedoed by the Germans just off the Irish coast in 1917. She lay in 120 feet of water and of course diving maneuvers were fairly practicable. And in October, treasure hunters were also successful in locating the steamship *Merida* which sunk off the Virginia Capes in 1911. They were lured to the vicinity by reports that she carried $5,000,000 in gold and gems. Divers are now busy hauling it to the surface from its comparatively shallow depths.

"Even more striking than these finds comes the reported successful expedition of Capt. Benjamin Leavitt of the good ship *Blakely*, two miles off the coast of Pichidangui, Chile. The success of his venture—that is, if the disputed news dispatches

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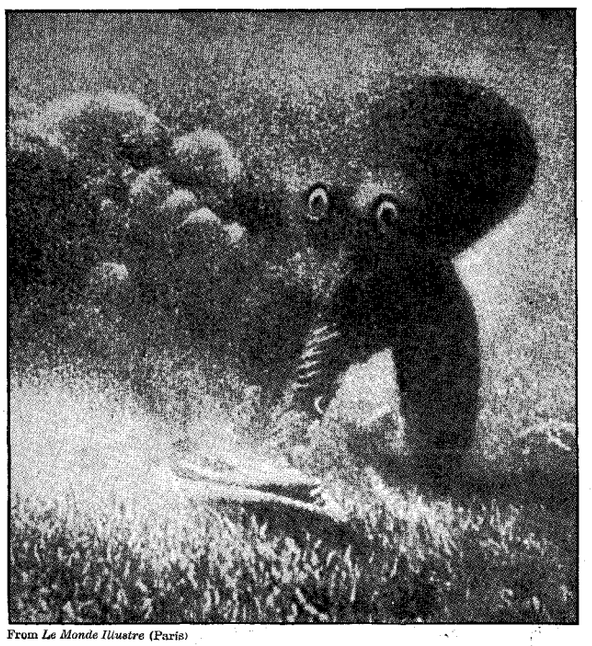
prove true—lies not so much in the length of a sordid string of ciphers. It is measured rather by the record depths he was said to attain. It is measured in terms of light—wet light. For this time it was the British schooner *Cape Horn*, wrecked 'way back in 1869 and sunk in 318 feet of water, that was made to yield its long-hoarded treasure!

"Equipped with a special manganese-bronze diving suit, 'tailor made' with ball-bearing joints, Captain Leavitt was said to attain a depth heretofore only dreamed of. While his expedition set out over a year ago, it was not until this January that messages told of his success in salvaging $600,000 worth of copper from the *Cape Horn*. For nearly a year, Captain Leavitt waged a losing battle against the pitch blackness of the roiled depths at 53 fathoms. So, without enough light to carry on his operations, he returned to the United States, procuring for himself a special pressure-resisting incandescent lamp. Steaming back to his happy hunting-ground again, and resuming his quest with the aid of 'wet light,' he promptly succeeded—so, at least, the tale is told—in accomplishing the greatest diving venture ever undertaken.

"But for the most part, Neptune holds the key to nearly all the ocean's secrets. He knows where lie the many treasure galleons of yore, the frigates of not long ago, and the *Lusitania* of yesterday. In her, alone, lie some six millions in gold and valuables, tempting bait for some enterprising diver. Perhaps the day is near, tho, when divers equipped with suits strong enough to withstand even the greatest pressures of the ocean, and armed with a camera and 'wet light,' will eventually solve for you and me the world's greatest cross-word puzzle—the riddle of the sea."



From *Le Monde Illustre* (Paris)

A TERROR TO DIVERS: THE OCTOPUS

With tentacles strong enough to crush a man to death.

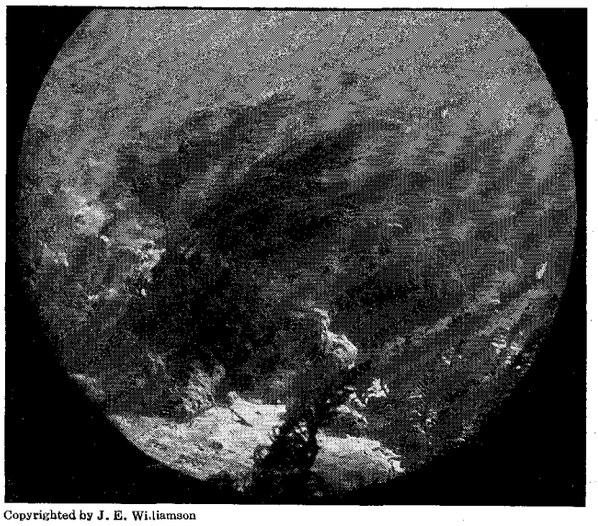
A "SKEETERLESS" STATE—TO BE

TO BE KNOWN AS "THE SKEETERLESS STATE" is the ambition of New Jersey, as exprest by an entomologist of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, Frank W. Miller, in *The American City Magazine* (New York). The goal has not yet been reached, he admits; but he declares that the decree has been pronounced that "the mosquito must go," adding that New Jersey does not do things by halves, and that enough has already been accomplished to justify the most optimistic forecast. After briefly sketching the life-history of the mosquito, from egg through wriggler and pupa to the adult form, and noting the dependence of all the immature stages on water, Mr. Miller tells of the practical methods adopted to exterminate the insects by draining the Jersey marshes that are the breeding-places of a certain type of mosquito that has a flight-range of half the State. We read:

"The problem was to devise drainage systems that would provide adequate outlets for the water-covered meadows and at the same time permit tidal action in the ditches, thus preventing the water collecting there from standing motionless and inviting mosquito breeding. Fish, a natural enemy of mosquito larvæ, would also be enabled to enter the ditches and devour such larvæ as might exist.

"If the meadow to be drained is fairly high and has an outlet of suitable proportions not too far removed, ditches 10 inches wide and 30 inches deep are dug at intervals, with spur ditching to drain salt holes in the vicinity. These ditches do not run dry as a rule, but are designed to allow a change of water with each tide. The width is not restricted to 10 inches, for sometimes it is found advisable to make ditches of multiple width.

"Often a survey indicates that a meadow is too low to permit of gravity drainage. In such instances the area is diked and automatic tide-gates installed. These close when the tide rises, on account of the pressure exerted by the tide without, and open when the tide recedes and the pressure from the meadow water within becomes greater. In this manner water is prevented from covering the marsh. Pumps are sometimes used if the area is too low to be drained by the method mentioned."



Copyrighted by J. E. Williamson

SOME WONDERS OF THE SEA

It looks like a wind-blown forest, but the photograph is of sea-plumes waving in the ocean current at the bottom of the harbor at Nassau.

Keeping the ditches open is a problem that has been met by the development of special machinery. Improved machinery for cutting the ditches is also being devised by the Agricultural Experiment Station. As many million feet of ditches are still to be dug, this is important. It is important also to pay attention to breeding-places other than the marshes—swamp areas, pools, ponds, ditches, overgrown streams, and the like. Draining is an obvious remedy; oiling a familiar procedure; and stocking permanent bodies of water with fish is a highly satisfactory method, if the grassy banks are trimmed, to allow the fish free access to the larvæ. The writer continues:

"Last, but not least, are the breeding-places about the home that require attention. Rain-barrels, tubs, cisterns, tin cans, clogged roof-gutters, cesspools, jardinieres, unused toilets, street storm-water catch-basins—in fact, any receptacle that will hold water long enough for a mosquito to breed—are potential mosquito breeders. The remedy is simple, effective, but too often neglected. If breeding is found in rain-barrels, dump them or screen the top; in tin cans, punch a hole in the bottom; if a cesspool, screen it tightly; if a roof-gutter, clean it; if an unused toilet, flush it every ten days; if a street catch-basin, oil it. A cup of kerosene or of waste motor oil applied every ten days during the spring and summer months, so that a continuous film is formed over the entire surface of the water, will destroy breeding. People complain of mosquitoes on the porches and in the homes, yet it is often due to their own neglect that such annoyance occurs."

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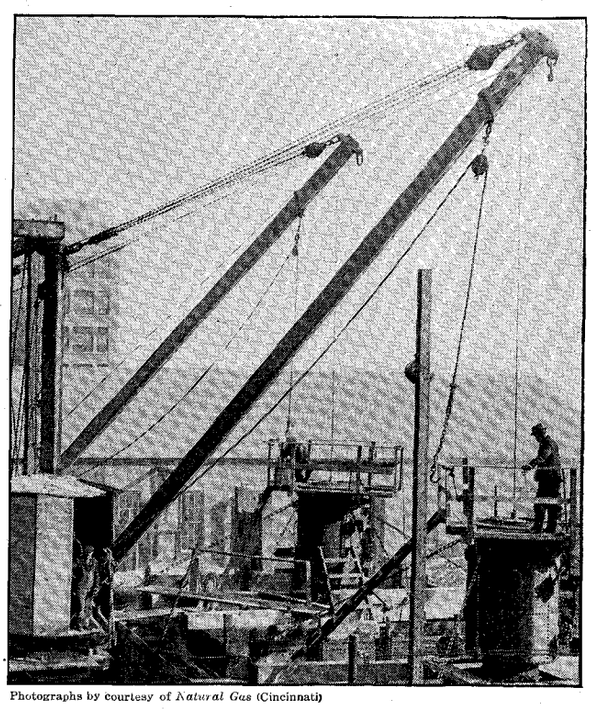
A NEW USE FOR HELIUM

THE VALUE OF HELIUM GAS for inflating balloons depends, as is well known, on the fact that it combines lightness with noninflammability. It is not so easy to explain why this inert gas should have utility when mixed with oxygen for inhalation by persons who are required to work under conditions of high artificial air pressure. But that such is the case appears to be established by experiments conducted by the



Photographs by courtesy of *Natural Gas* (Cincinnati)

HELIUM AS A PREVENTIVE OF COMPREST-AIR ILLNESS

The two air-locks, shown at the right of the picture, are used in putting the comprest-air workers gradually under pressure and for decompressing them after they have finished work.

Bureau of Mines, the subjects being rats and guinea pigs at first; the applicability of the tests to the human subject being subsequently demonstrated. The helium is not inhaled when the animal or man is to remain in the compression chamber, but during the process of "decompressing," which is said to be accomplished when helium is used in one-sixth of the time otherwise required, and yet with enhanced safety. Writing in *Natural Gas* (Cincinnati), Walter Benton points out that such projects as the great Hudson River vehicular tunnel could not be put through without the aid of comprest air, and predicts that the lessened danger from comprest-air illness due to the use of helium for decompression purposes will prove a real boon to the great construction engineering industry. By way of explication, after noting the prediction that the new discovery will enable deep-sea divers to dive to greater depths and remain under water for much longer periods, he says:

"It is also said that, due to this new application of helium, tunnel workers will be able to perform their labor under much higher airpressures, thereby greatly extending the range of tunneling operations.

"Scientists of the Federal Bureau of Mines have discovered that helium when blended with oxygen can be used to reduce most materially the period of 'decompression' of divers, tunnel workers and others who perform their daily toil in comprest air atmospheres.

"Workers of these classes, before performing their daily tasks, are first gradually put under high air pressure in especially equipped air locks. When they have finished their labors, it is necessary that they be 'decomprest,' that is, slowly restored to normal air conditions. Mixtures of nitrogen and oxygen have heretofore been used for this decompression process, which has been attended by some danger because of the tendency of the nitrogen to leave bubbles in the blood which are apt later to produce paralysis or death.

"Helium, because of certain peculiar physical properties, is not absorbed by the blood as readily as is the case with nitrogen. It diffuses more rapidly in the body fluids and tissues, resulting in rapid elimination of the gas from the tissues during decompression, and minimizing the risk of formation of the dangerous bubbles in the blood. Caisson disease, or comprest-air illness, heretofore quite frequently found among workers under artificial air pressure, should consequently be more rarely encountered in the future."

THE CONQUEST OF SCARLET FEVER

EVIDENCE IS ACCUMULATING to justify the hope that the last of the hitherto intractable scourges of childhood, scarlet fever, will soon be classed with the companion scourge, diphtheria, as amenable to handling by the modern methods of the immunologist. It is generally known that two Chicago physicians, Drs. G. F. and G. H. Dick (husband and wife), last year isolated a bacterial germ, believed to be the essential cause of the malady, and prepared a toxin that could be used to test the susceptibility of an individual, and an antitoxin apparently of curative value. In a recent issue of *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York), Dr. Abraham Zingher, of the New York City Department of Health, summarizes the work of the Dicks and some earlier Russian investigators, telling that the scarlatina streptococcus, from a test-tube culture, has been used to produce the malady in human volunteers, and of his own use of the Dick test, applied to over 12,000 individuals, and showing that the percentages of susceptibility to scarlet fever resemble those shown for diphtheria by the well-known Schick test. Susceptibility to each disease is shown to be greater among the children of the well-to-do and those living in smaller communities. Stating that the toxin used in testing susceptibility is a broth culture of the streptococcus, he explains how susceptible individuals may be made immune to the disease by inoculation. Tho stated in technical terms, the account is intelligible to laymen, and it should be of compelling interest to every parent. We read:

"For active immunization four doses of toxin are given at weekly intervals. A convenient method for determining the amount of toxin for active immunization is the skin-test dose. The dilution for this depends on the strength of the toxin. If it is used for the Dick test in a dilution of 1:1000, then for immunization a dilution of 1:5 is made, and 0.25 cc., 0.5 cc., and 1.0 cc., and 1.5 cc. are given at intervals of 7 days. These doses represent 500, 1000, 2000 and 3000 skin-test doses. For children under 3 years the dose should be one-half the amount stated. At first I gave smaller doses (100, 250 and 500 skin-test doses), but found it necessary to increase the amount of toxin to obtain a sufficient antitoxic immunity.

"Local reactions are similar to those following diphtheria toxin-antitoxin injections. Constitutional reactions, like fever, vomiting, slight sore throat and a scarlatiniform rash develop in a small percentage of the injected individuals, specially after the first dose. The symptoms appear within 8 to 12 hours after the injections and persist for 24 to 36 hours. They are not serious, being seen only in persons who are unusually susceptible to the effects of the toxin, yet it would seem desirable to avoid them. This can be done by slowly increasing the amounts of toxin injected. A Dick retest is made after 4 to 8 weeks. In different groups of children, who received the smaller doses of toxin I found at the retest from 36 to 65 per cent. who had developed sufficient antitoxin to give a negative or a negative-pseudo reaction. At the retest made at the end of eight months and twelve months a few of these children showed positive reactions again, but in no instance was the reaction as pronounced as in the original test. Most of the children who had failed to become immune after the first series of toxin injections became immune and showed a negative Dick reaction after the second series."

After describing the method by which the toxin is used to

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produce a therapeutic antitoxin, by inoculating horses with repeated large doses, and the details of administration of the remedy, hypodermically, to scarlet fever patients, Dr. Zingher summarizes the observed effects of the treatment thus:

"These consist of a critical drop in temperature, a rapid fading of the rash and improvement in the circulation, respiration and throat symptoms. The secondary septic complications are not affected to any extent by the antitoxic serum. The early administration of the serum will prevent the development of many of these secondary septic complications by neutralizing the local effect of the toxin on the mucous membrane of the nose and throat and thus greatly diminishing the tendency to bacterial invasion. At the present time an attempt is being made to improve the serum by producing a preparation having anti-bacterial as well as antitoxic properties."

NOT SO BAD AS HE'S PAINTED

THAT WOULD APPEAR to be the verdict of the United States Department of Agriculture on the notorious boll-weevil, which invaded the country thirty years ago, and seemed to threaten to put a stop to the greatest industry of our Southern States. A writer in *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore), interpreting the report of the government experts, notes that the net result of the activities of the dreaded insect has been by no means so disastrous as alarmists would have us think. "The weevil was not responsible for all that was blamed on him," and by no means all fluctuations in cotton-production in recent years have been due wholly, or even mainly, to this pest, we are assured. The swing in world-production of cotton from the high point of 1914-15 (28,867,000 bales) to the low point of 15,330,000 bales in 1921-22 was startling; but it is officially noted that the decline occurred in a period of great disturbance in world markets, due to the war, during which low prices and unfavorable weather checked production. We read further:

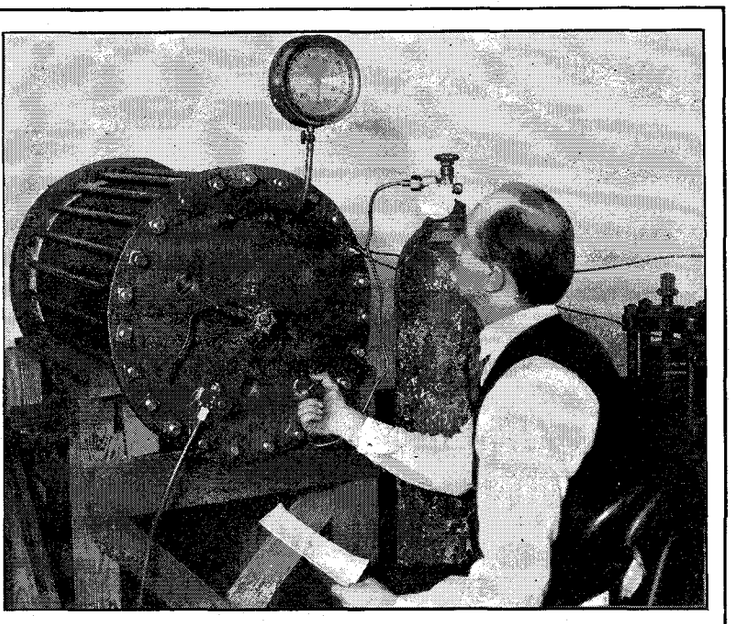
"The Department does not minimize the seriousness of the weevil. This is shown by the fact that yields in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina have, at times, been reduced from 50 to 75 per cent. below the average of the period before the insect entered those States.

"In 1921 the estimated damage by the weevil to the American crop amounted to 30.98 per cent. In the following year the damage dropt to 24.10 per cent., and in 1923 to 19.05 per cent. Figures for 1924 are not yet available, but it is expected they will prove to be even smaller than those for the preceding year. This drop in weevil damage, of course, should not be interpreted as indicating actual control of the pest or as showing the extent to which control has been effective. Nature, in many sections, has helped unusually in fighting the evil in the last two or three years. At the same time the figures, according to the Department, unquestionably show that there is no need for the cotton belt to throw up its hands and give up the fight.

"Further encouragement is seen in the fact that yields of cotton per acre have shown a substantial recovery since the worst period of boll-weevil damage. This, likewise, is not by itself absolute evidence of weevil control. It is a result, in part, of the tendency of the boll-weevil to drive less favorable cotton lands out of cultivation and to bring about more careful selection of cotton acreage, so that the showing per acre of the lands remaining in cotton is affected favorably. Nevertheless, the increased yield indicates some real progress in weevil control.

"It is interesting to note how the States worst affected by the weevil have increased their production in recent years. Alabama produced 979,000 bales last year, compared with only 588,000 in 1921. Georgia's 1924 crop was 1,023,000 bales, compared with 776,000 bales in 1922; South Carolina's production in 1924 was 823,000 bales, compared with 517,999 in 1922; Arkansas had 1,062,000 bales in 1924, against 867,000 bales in 1919; Texas has made a pretty steady climb from 2,130,000 bales in 1921 to 4,176,000 bales in 1924.

"To be sure, these crops are not in themselves evidence of weevil control. Acreage changes are generally responsible for about 50 per cent. of production changes. It is true also that a comparison of yields in one or two years does not indicate growth in weevil control, because weather conditions in those years may have been exceptionally unfavorable to the weevil. Making every allowance for these considerations, however, it is still a fact that increased cotton production on the scale effected by these States is a good sign. The total cotton crop of 13,153,000 bales in 1924, compared with 7,954,000 bales in 1921, shows that the United States is still growing cotton."



USING SMALL ANIMALS TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE

The test showed that helium mixed with oxygen is not as readily absorbed in the blood as a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, and is more rapidly eliminated.

PLANT PIGMENTS

A GERMAN CHEMIST, Professor Willstaetter of Berlin, has recently succeeded in extracting a blue pigment from the common blue cornflower, *Centaurea cyanus*. The whole group of blue and red plant pigments has been given the name of the anthocyans from this flower, the term being composed of the Greek word *anthos*, meaning flower and, *kyaneos*, meaning blue. Continuing his experiments, Professor Willstaetter has obtained pigments also from various other plants, such as the rose, the grape, the pelargonium, the bilberry, cranberry, etc. He has demonstrated, according to a recent note in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), that these pigments consist of complex sugar combinations:

"Most of them are compounds of grape sugar, but even these consist partially of galactose, a simpler kind of sugar, which together with grape sugar, forms sugar of milk.

"By means of reduction one can obtain from the yellow pigments, which appear to be likewise sugar compounds, either anthocyans or their related pigments—apparently a liberation of oxygen with, at the same time, an internal rearrangement of the molecule changes, therefore, the yellow flower pigments into the blue ones. But since the yellow pigments seem to be more stable chemically it may be that we should look upon them as the older ones, from which subsequently all the other colors in the scale of nature have been evolved—excluding chlorophyll naturally—by means of molecular rearrangement with liberation of oxygen."

The conclusion arrived at is that the great variety of colors in nature are not due to simple mineral salts, but to highly complex organic substances evolved by the plant in its solar laboratory.

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MARTYRS TO RADIATIONS

WHETHER THE RECENT DEATH of certain scientific investigators, especially in France, is due to handling salts of radium, as generally stated, or to X-rays alone, as asserted by one of the French authorities quoted below, it seems certain that those who habitually handle the sources of these newly discovered radiations have not understood fully the necessity of precaution in so doing, whether they have been manufacturers, or investigators, or surgical manipulators. A contributor to *Le Quotidien* (Paris), Dr. Hericourt, under the heading "Martyrs of Science," points out what is known of the action of various forms of radiation, and asserts that with proper knowledge of safety measures there should be no further accidents. He writes:

"The sad end of several eminent scientists who have devoted their lives to the new science of radiology and its curative applications, and who have finally succumbed to affections produced by the radiations that they have been studying, has somewhat disconcerted public opinion.

"It is not easy, in fact, to understand how a physical agent capable of favorably modifying certain morbid processes, and even of destroying certain elements that are dangerous to the organism, may on the other hand provoke these same troubles and bring about the formation of these same elements.

"Do we not see, for instance, that the X-rays and the radium emanation, on which we had based such hope for the cure of cancer, give rise, in certain conditions to the incurable 'radiologists' cancer'?

"We know absolutely nothing of the intimate mechanism of the action of the radiations in general, and in particular of the ultra-violet rays, but it has been well-demonstrated that these are destructive to living matter, sterilizing from the microbian standpoint and fatal to animal cells.

"To produce such results the rays must act for a considerable period and with appreciable intensity; but it is also known that the same rays in small amounts, stimulate the vital processes, the organic functions and the multiplication of cells.

"We thus see how the handling of the rays should totally differ, according to whether we propose to excite certain sluggish organs, or to reduce certain exuberant activities, or to destroy certain diseased tissues.

"It is not surprizing, then, that operators who wield these two-edged weapons, are frequently, and sometimes mortally, wounded.

"Take their application in the treatment of cancer. It has been proved that the cells are more sensitive to the destructive action of the rays when they are younger, nearer to the embryonic state, which is that of active proliferation. Thus the radiations can in certain conditions reach the new cancerous cells while having no effect on the neighboring adult tissues.

"But the field of action of these rays is large; while losing their intensity they act upon the organism of those who manipulate them, and this repeated action, tho weak, produces a stimulant effect different from that exerted on the tumors of the patient. This shows itself at first by simple inflammation—the 'radio dermatitis' with which almost all radiologists are familiar. By repetition of this exciting action, the cells of the skin are finally stimulated to multiplication; they begin reproducing in the confused fashion that constitutes cancer.

"This influence of slight doses, in stimulating the vital processes, has been utilized in treating some diseases due to sluggishness or insufficience of certain deep-seated organs, certain endocrin glands; and it has also been possible by stopping with intermediate doses, to moderate the activity of these same organs without destroying their tissues.

"Here is still another danger in handling the radiations, which may suppress at a distance, either in patients or operators, the functions of valuable organs that have not been protected from them, such as testicles or ovaries, bringing on accidental but incurable sterility.

"Among the accidents due to handling radium salts, there has been observed an almost complete stoppage of the production of blood-globules, and probably of the marrow of the bones, bringing on pernicious anemia—a fatal disease.

"It is probable that judicious use of these same rays with feeble doses of brief application, might, on the other hand, cure certain forms of anemia that resist all other forms of treatment.

"But all the dangers attending the use and application of these radiations and emanations are now well-known to scientists and physicians, as are also the means of combating them.

"It is then to be hoped that the list of martyrs to radiology will not be prolonged, or at least that the carelessness bred by continued exposure to danger will play no further part. Such carelessness leads the experimenter to neglect the warning given by his first radio dermatitis. He is unwilling to give up his series of experiments, and all at once the malignant phase appears, and it is too late to remove the trouble."

A manufacturer of radium salts, quoted in *La Liberté* (Paris), asserts, however, in an article entitled "Radium is Innocent," that not a single experimenter has yet forfeited his life to radium. Those who have succumbed, he claims, were all experimenters with X-rays or with some other radio-active material than radium. He says, among other things:

"We do not know a single victim among those, already numerous, who have made or studied radium.

"The action of radium emanation, its action on the productive organs and the red corpuscles, is slow; and it is easy to combat it as soon as it appears.

"Physicians and surgeons, as well as radium-therapeutists always use, not the emanation, but salts of radium sealed in tubes, generally of platinum; they run the risk only of slight burns, easy to avoid. We do not know among these physicians and surgeons a single victim of radium.

"What has struck us in the accidents to Dumenitroux and Demalauder [experimenters with thorium] is their simultaneity and rapidity, which seem to prove that thorium emanation does not act like that of radium, that it affects the human body in some other way, and that it is more brutal in its action."

His conclusion is that we must avoid confusing the effects of X-rays and radium and remember that "the roll of honor of scientific martyrs to radium still lacks the entry of a single name!"

IS YOUR HOUSE ANT-PROOFED?

NOT AGAINST LIGHTNING merely, but against termites, or flying ants, every country house should be "insulated," according to the authorities of the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Such insulation consists essentially of preventing contact of woodwork with moist earth; for it appears that, even if the pestiferous termites have invaded the house to the height of several stories, they will dry up and die if cut off from their moisture supply in the ground. A Department *Bulletin*, telling of the futility of attempts to fight the termites with heat, steam, insecticides, or fumigants, gives practical advice that will be appreciated by many householders:

"Each spring or fall, numerous small flying ants (our native termites or white ants) emerge from the woodwork of buildings that have not been properly constructed. They have entered the woodwork of the buildings because, somewhere, there is untreated wood in contact with the ground.

"Recently, the Bureau of Entomology has been advocating slight modifications of the building regulations of various cities in efforts to prevent attack by these insects. No untreated wood should be laid on or in the earth, and untreated beams should have at least an inch of concrete between them and the earth. Where it is desired to put wood in direct contact with the earth, it should first be impregnated with coal-tar creosote. If this is not practical there should be foundations of concrete or stone. No lime mortar should be used in brick-work in foundations of buildings, since termites are able to penetrate lime mortar after a few years' service. Such brick-work, either on or extending below the surface of the ground, should be faced and capped with concrete at least one inch thick.

"Termites are not like ants, which can be killed by insecticides or fumigation. They must be prevented from getting into the building from the ground by means of their hidden burrows through untreated woodwork.

"The Department of Agriculture has received as many as 200 requests this year for help in getting rid of these flying ants. It is a great hardship for a householder on a moderate salary to have to spend several hundred dollars one or two years after purchasing a building because of damage by termites."

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LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MARGOT AND THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

MARGOT HAS BROKEN OUT in another book. Seemingly she has conquered her British public, or the formidable new title, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, has, for there is no such storm of protest in the British press as greeted her former "indiscretions." As a literary person the Countess still figures as Margot Asquith on her title-page; but one knows the potency of a title in the peerage. Perhaps, however, her indiscretions are all reserved for the sections dealing with her American impressions. Some papers, to be sure, have shown apprehensions that her book will wound American susceptibilities; but this does not appear in the New York *Times* review of the work issued by the London publisher. If precedent is followed, and the book "Places and Persons" gains an American imprint, there is yet time for retort. Mr. P. W. Wilson, who writes the *Times* notice, is not offended. In fact he, like the British reviewers, is rather glamored. But he tries the salt of a little irony:

From *The Times* Magazine Section

"MARGOT ASQUITH"

English critics insist on viewing her as the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, and giving her last book an accolade denied the earlier ones.

—By Robert James Malone.

"Tho a Countess, Margot is still the Cinderella of Liberalism. Not by a day has she outgrown the mentality so much admired by Barrie in 'The Young Visiters.' She has consulted 'gipsies, palmists, phrenologists, and other swindlers.' And she has learned that 'the Tennants'—her family—'are a race apart; not because we are specially clever, learned, famous or amusing, but because we have no age.' Margot has been assured that she 'would always be young enough to make love and inspire it.' And to Earl Balfour, she recently intimated: 'You and I will never grow old.' Earl Balfour, 'with the dazzling charm that never deserts him,' is as wary as he is winning. He begged Margot not to overtire herself, to which she retorted, 'I am always overtired.'

"And so this enfant terrible of high society in England is still photographed, as far as possible, like a girl in her early teens. Nor has her nature changed since, years ago, she scandalized Cairo by dangling her legs over the parapet of a balcony while she watched the funeral of a Khedive. Under successive snubs, she is irrepressible. She tells us gaily how at the New Amsterdam Theater a lady shouted: 'You've got my money for nothing—good-bye. I've had enough of you.' Yet when Mrs. Vanderbilt merely included her among the remote thousands who thronged the reception to Earl Balfour, she somehow 'skirmished through and, taking him by the arm, engaged him in private conversation.' Some slights there were, however, which cut her to the quick. Reading between the lines, we can detect her chagrin. As Governor-General of Canada, Lord Byng paid her little if any attention; and he is unmentioned. Sir Auckland Geddes, too, as British Ambassador at Washington, is omitted from the index. To him the rebuke is indirect. Great stress is laid on Sir Esme Howard's hospitality to Mrs. Asquith in Madrid."

Mr. Wilson turns to the section dealing with her American impressions:

"We find that it is her method to distinguish reporters by their sex. The females of the species are 'garrulous and gushing geese who think it smart to ask pert and meaningless questions,' which seems to suggest that even Countesses may miss their vocation. But the males are 'serious and intelligent' persons, who discuss religion and economics and that kind of thing, also whispering into Margot's ear, 'We do not publish news; we concoct it.' If, then, American newspapers 'stimulate all that is worthless'—if, in their columns, 'you may search in vain to find carefully reasoned criticism upon art, music, poetry or international affairs'—whose is the fault? Margot takes her life in her hands and replies, like Luther at the Diet of Worms—it is 'the owners who should be censured.' Treason will out. The unspeakable is said!

"And so for press clubs everywhere, intent on ideals, here is a Danielle come to judgment. Here is a Vashti leading the opprest columnist into the promised land of intellectual liberty. Here is a Joan of Arc whose inmost soul is outraged because an editor telephoned for information about the color of her hair. And yet—and yet—is Margot herself quite immune to the fascinations of fashionable finery? Is she blind, as yet, to frocks and frills? Does she not tell us how lovely the Princess Bibesco looked in an Aubrey Beardsley gown and of the clinging black crêpe which so admirably suited the 'long white arms' and 'transparently pale face' of the Countess Minotto? Frailty, thy name is woman. These pages are sometimes piquant, often petty, but never profound."

Not only profound, but "profoundly wise" is what G. R. Stirling Taylor in *The Star* (London), calls Margot's comments on America. But he is listening while "Lady Oxford" speaks:

"Lady Oxford's character sketch of the United States of America is more than lively. It is as profoundly wise as it is unexpected in such a setting. The Americans are examined with a psychological insight that makes the late learned Professor Bryce's remarks a schoolboy's prize essay. It is not only sound sense; it is also exciting reading. Which is not to be wondered at; for it is vivisection of a nation—without an anesthetic! It was 'the most intensely interesting reporter I have met' who told her that 'jazz, hustle, and headlines were killing the soul of the American people.' She found a continent clamoring to hear her views on flappers and the underwear of a princess. She found a

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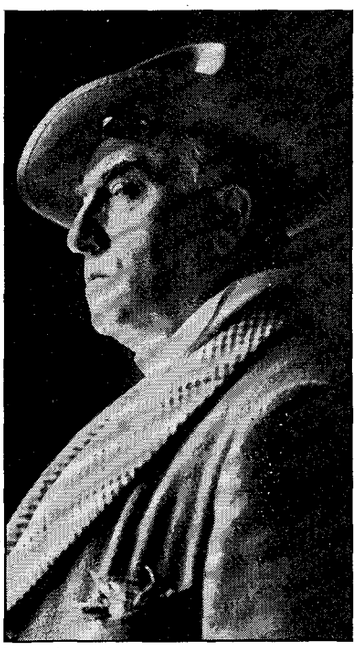
Press that would discuss nothing seriously except the shape and color of her hat: 'so far from guiding public opinion, the papers in America stimulate all that is worthless.' 'The ingrained idea that the Americans are a free people is pathetically untrue.'

"But the really great piece of art in Lady Oxford's book is the subtle contrast of the States of America with Spain, which she next visits. She begins with a sentence which it would take a volume to discuss: 'The progress of America is not so interesting as the backwardness of Spain.' That broad outline of the philosophy of life is filled in by the delightful details of nights spent in the streets, following religious processions; or with simple dancers whose virgin genius had never been seduced by the gold of millionaires and the applause of smart sets: 'on the only occasion on which I offered them money I was repelled with scorn.'



P. & A. photograph

THE ELDER GUITRY

"He could be a great oak shaken in the most strenuous Gallic storm; yet he never was blown over."

"One wonders if the authoress realizes how much she has achieved by this brilliant double picture of two civilizations that are separated by more than the Atlantic? And then one goes on wondering at the paradox that it is this writer, of all others, who has tracked the truth with such skill. Is it not strange that a mental volcano should have found the land of jazz so distasteful? But perhaps the secret of Margot Asquith is that she has spent so much time rushing round the noisy world—that she may find peace. It seems an admirable quest, but a somewhat irrational method of pursuit."

The London *Daily Chronicle* reviewer has a short memory for her previous books which aroused such rancor in England that even a travesty on them appeared under the title "Marge Askin for it." Times and titles change:

"But no one would dream of being offended with Lady Oxford. She hits out rapidly when she is in one mood; she enchants with her blitheness when she is in another. The inconsequential nature of her criticisms is a part of their attractiveness. She is unguarded in her likes and dislikes, her praise and her blame; but, as she wears no armor, who would not feel it mean to counter-attack?

"In America Lady Oxford had to hear the oft-repeated inquiry: What did she think of 'flappers'? What could she tell of Princess Mary's lingerie? And a newspaper, with whose reporter she had mainly discust William James's style, recorded that she was 'on smoking terms with Queen Mary.'

"But why should she be annoyed with the young woman reporter who followed her and said:—

"'I wish you hadn't been so charming and polite. I would like you to have just rushed at me and pulled my hair out so that I could have got the story!'

"Certainly the young woman 'had a nerve,' as they say in the States. But is it not precisely because Lady Oxford, in her very different way, 'has a nerve' that she is so tremendous a social success, and so irresistible as an autobiographer?"

The Saturday Review (London) is a bit austere:

"The comments on American conditions, and especially on the failure of Prohibition, and the account of a conversation with Mussolini, are the things of greatest public interest in the volume: but the jottings about family and home are the best."

FRANCE LOSES HER GREATEST ACTOR

AMERICANS WHO HAVE GONE TO FRANCE practically every year found in Lucien Guitry "an institution." It is the word George Middleton uses to describe him and his influence over our traveling public. The pity is that he and his clever son Sasha never made the often-heralded visit to the United States. French actors, aside from Sara Bernhardt, have seldom been greatly successful here, but perhaps these two, with the younger Mme. Guitry, on the stage known as Yvonne Printemps, would have fared better. "He was one of the great things to see and hear," says Mr. Middleton in the New York *Times*, "easily the most striking actor on the French stage." With that Mr. Middleton gives us an analysis of his technique which makes us regret that his recent death will forever deprive the untraveled of so great an artistic pleasure:

"I have an early photograph of him, taken twenty-six years ago, when he first played *Coupeau* in Zola's 'L'Assomoir,' and even in those days his body seemed to have been massive and firmly set. Later he became heavier, and somehow it seemed to be the proper medium for his peculiar technique. His hands, like those of Duse, were unforgetable, tho he used them less often than his celebrated friend—in fact, for a Frenchman, his gestures were few. His face was the perfect actor's mask; his jaw was heavy; his mouth large and mobile, constantly opening and closing a trifle, with just a suspicion of nervousness; his head was set so closely on his body that at times it was all of one piece. It was this peculiarity which always made his eyes so important to me; those eyes which would move under each idea or emotion so very subtly, whose very movement became something startling, because they were set in such a mass that seldom moved. Sometimes they seemed to be the only thing alive as little shifts of expression would dart from them like sparks struck from an anvil. And this, in a way, was the key to an acting technique which, for him, was the ultimate expression of art.

"In a word, it was the quintessence of economy. Never was there a single useless movement, and seldom did he do two things at once. Each gesture thus became charged with meaning. I have seen him smoke a cigarette in 'Le Grand Duc' in such a fashion that each little fleck of the ashes seemed to convey the varying thought hidden in his mind. Further, his movements were seldom rapid, save when the supreme occasion demanded. Then they became terrific. This method thus always left to the audience the sense of something beyond words which was being held in reserve. He was the greatest example I ever saw of the power of restraint; and that restraint, in his huge form suggested more power than I have ever seen any actor capable of expressing. One felt that if he ever let go all would be swept away; but he never let go. He could be a great oak shaken in the most strenuous Gallic storm; yet he never was blown over. And, tho he seemed the most natural actor in the world, his method was constantly conscious of its effects. One characteristic trick was his habit of delaying or pausing before each reply. It was the orator's trick of catching attention; but with Guitry it had the added effect of charging what was coming with added significance. I have seen few French actors use this so skilfully as he, tho his brilliant daughter-in-law, Yvonne Printemps, has learned how to practise it in another field, transmitting it through her charming personality into something quite her own."

His daughter-in-law once declared that he was responsible for many bad actors. "They try to imitate his method, but they can not, for they do not have his personality, nor his reserve power that arouses the imagination." Mr. Middleton continues:

"I think that is a very just judgment. There were great lessons to be learned from this rigid economy of his; but it was a method supremely suited to his own extraordinary personality. Yet I recall two well-known American stars who have told me of their own great debt to his acting—and one of them was so moved that he tried to induce Guitry to come over here to reveal his art. What particularly caught the student of acting was the eminent actor's capacity to suggest moods and thoughts. There never seemed a vacant moment when he was on the stage. Sometimes for an entire act he would assume an underlying mood—how he loved cynical contempt!—and while on the surface all the ripples of the more casual reactions would play, never was the ground-swell lost, sweeping back and forth with its inevitable rhythm.

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"While many of his greatest hits were made in serious rôles, he could skim comedy lightly as a lark. He carried much of this over from his private life, for he was noted as a brilliant and trenchant wit and a master of paradox. There was something quite regal in the way he would enter the room and one felt always a bit awed. There was something superhuman, too, about him, and I confess, in spite of his gracious simplicity and courtesy to me, that I was always very timid the few times I was honored by being with him. And there was something of this awe he conveyed on the stage. He seemed more like a great chained force, awful in its implication. He was a Rodin statue come to life. The words of Bernhardt may be recalled about him, 'C'est le premier artiste de la scène Française.' 'He is the foremost artist of the French stage.'"

WHAT KILLED AMY LOWELL?

THE LATEST BIOGRAPHER of Keats no sooner dies than the legend that so long clung to his name attaches itself to hers. Amy Lowell, says Mr. Clement Shorter, was killed by the English reviews of her life of John Keats, just as it used to be commonly said that John Keats was "snuffed out by *The Quarterly*." One of the tasks Miss Lowell set herself was to show that Keats was not the kind of a man to be killed by unkindly criticism, and that, in fact, he paid little attention to his Edinburgh persecutors. That his biographer was more susceptible may be true, tho the fact is established that Miss Lowell suffered from a painful malady, and worked against its ravages for a year before her death. That her end may have been embittered, who outside her intimate circle can say? Mr. Shorter, editor of the London *Sphere*, writes an appreciative notice of her, and makes these charges against her British critics:

"She was always eager for the good opinion of England on her work, and made many efforts to have her books distributed over here. How unsuccessful she was was revealed to me by the late John Lane, who had once been approached to take over the English sale of books which did so well in the States. He found that while 'Six French Poets' had sold to the extent of 250 copies, Miss Lowell's other books put together had sold only 207 copies in all. She had no public here, and she hoped that the 'Keats' would restore the balance.

"This was not to be. *The Times Literary Supplement* did, indeed, come out with a sound appreciation of a good piece of work, but the *Sunday Times*, *The Observer*, *The Bookman*, and other newspapers, all said the book was too long, and wrote reviews which must have been an anguish to one who took reviews far too seriously. She had long been a great admirer of Sir Edmund Gosse, and she told one of her friends in her last illness that his review had broken her heart.

"I have no doubt Sir Edmund Gosse was inspired by a severe conscientiousness. He, like Luther 'could not otherwise'—'*Ich kann nicht anders*.' Built on narrow Victorian lines of mentality, keen on his own circle, for an American to write a book when his friend, Colvin, was supposed to have uttered the last word, was sacrilege indeed. How gaily he held up this effort from America to derision! His ally, J. Collings Squire, seconded him, as might be expected.

"In the last letter that came to me from Amy Lowell, which her secretary sent on unsigned in consequence of her illness, Miss Lowell complained bitterly of the English reviewers, and attributed it to their hatred of America. I hastened to reply that America and England had nothing to do with the pettiness of a little critical clique. She could scarcely have been conscious when my reply reached her. Apoplectic, full-blooded, excitable, I have no doubt these critical volleys did for the best biographer of Keats what they did not do for Keats himself, altho so reputed.

> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

"To the ordinary man or woman of letters, the snarls of the critics are but useful incentives to further effort. Critics are usually dismissed, as Disraeli described them, as disappointed men. But here was a woman of bad health, supersensitive. However, she has made her mark on her age. She will have an abiding place in literature. To be ranked forever as one who is not the least among the poets and biographers of America is no mean thing. Let us hope that in Elysium she has met John Keats —and is happy."

Mr. Shorter's own delightful page in *The Sphere* contains his personal appreciation, which seems intended to make some amends for his follow-countrymen's lack of it:

"A remarkable personality has passed from among us by the death of Amy Lowell. There was more power in her personality than in her positive achievement. She was the Dr. Johnson of her age and country—or the Madame de Staël. When I visited America five years ago there may have been greater writers there.

GUITRY AS *FLAMBEAU*

He followed Coquelin in the great Rostand parts. Here he is the heroic figure in "*L'Aiglon*."

I doubt it. But there was no one writer who so impress herself on the world in which she lived. The Boston literary coteries all but hated her and she enjoyed that. In far-away Chicago, and even in San Francisco, where her famous relative, James Russell Lowell, was hardly remembered by name, and certainly never read, she had her numberless admirers."

Mr. Shorter's statements have been widely discust in London, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, but "so far there has been no public challenge of it, and Shorter told the *Sun* correspondent that he did not expect an answer." The dispatch continues, quoting Miss Lowell's champion:

"I have been in the habit of telling the truth so bluntly that I have become something of an outcast and it is not unusual that my statement regarding Miss Lowell should not have been openly challenged.

"The Manchester *Guardian* referred to-day to Shorter's declaration, which appeared in his literary letter in *The Sphere*, and said that it is surprizing that this sensational statement should not have raised the sharpest discussion.

"Shorter when seen by the *Sun* correspondent said letters he had received from Miss Lowell indicated how much importance she attached to the English reviews of her 'Keats,' and when they were forthcoming they were bitterly disappointing. . . .

"Shorter insisted again to-day that the attitude of the critics' clique should not be regarded as having any connection with the matter of Anglo-American relations, whatever might have disposed the critics to take the views they did.

"He emphasized the laudatory nature of some of the most recent appraisals of the 'Life of Keats,' saying:

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"'The time will come when it will have to be included in every standard library. It is now enjoying a large sale in Britain.'

"Shorter said that Miss Lowell before her illness had exprest in her letters to him the great enthusiasm with which she looked forward to a visit she had planned to make to England.

"Several important men of letters refused to-day to comment upon Shorter's statement."

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF MORLAND

WHAT DICKENS ACHIEVED for the middle classes of his time, George Morland did for the humble poor of rural England of the closing eighteenth century. What England looked like before the age of steam, of factories, and of large towns is faithfully represented in the pictures of the artist who contributes this week's cover. "His pictures illustrate English life and customs as they existed along the road, in the farmhouse, in the inn, in the humble abode of the peasant," says his biographer, B. L. K. Henderson, in his "Morland and Ibbetson" in the British Artists series. He was born June 26, 1763, and is said to have shown his powers as an artist at the age of three. At ten he appeared as an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The father and mother were both artists and showed the artistic temperament in opposite ways: the mother by overindulgence, the father by extreme severity. He grew up "a dwarf mentally" and early acquired dissipated habits—"that life which offers such a view of hard work, hard drinking, and hard living that it seems an epitome of the eighteenth century itself." Tho he worked hard, he bargained rashly with picture dealers. "He seems to have made money easily right from the outset, and he spent it just as easily living lavishly and dressing as a dandy." Accounts of Morland's life are full of weird and extravagant tales; but, says Mr. Henderson, "a man who could give the world 4,000 pictures, that is, an average of two hundred a year for twenty years, could not have been perpetually drunk." A paragraph sets off his character:

"We may take it that Morland was a marked example of the man of genius who is incapable of being a business man at the same time. He appears to have been perfectly reckless in the matter of money, never troubling to ascertain whether he received value for value. Such a man, unless he is guarded by friends, or by an honest agent, is the easy prey of rogues. The question arises, why did not his wife's people, or his own family, insist upon control? The answer probably is found in Morland's own dissolute habits, and utterly wayward character. We find him gradually becoming surrounded by a host of rogues, of art-dealers, dishonest tradespeople, and spongers of every class. His extravagance and culpable generosity caused his money to flow out like water. Then some tradesman would demand payment. 'Oh! take that picture' (one can imagine the exasperated artist crying out some such and other words) 'and get out of my sight with your inconvenient presence and pestering ways. Sell it and get your money.' That was exactly what such a rascal desired. From his entry into artistic life, Morland was an extraordinary success. His pictures always sold, and sold well. The tradesmen got rid of the work at a good price and pocketed the balance. If things became too pressing, Brooks would smuggle out the little stock of furniture to another lodging in a new neighborhood, and they would start over again. To anybody with an orderly mind and a horror of financial disaster, such a system is incomprehensible. This was the position of George Morland, and it is easy to see how this manner of life, combined with his habits of drinking and recklessness, would rapidly drag him to the debtors' prison. The modern reader feels furious as he reads of this splendid genius dragged hither and thither by rogues. Yet such was the system of our law that it supported these scoundrels and doomed their helpless victim."

MORLAND, MAN OF GENIUS

But incapable of being a business man at the same time.

Those who feel a nostalgic thrill for "days that are no more," when they look at Morland's pictures will read this with a little sadness:

"Modern man is often perplexed when he considers the past and the present, and endeavors to take stock of his inheritance. There are times, when, in a mood of cynical pessimism, he is inclined to rail against what is glibly termed progress and deplore the irrevocable past. At other moments he sees the present in a better light, and exaggerates the pains and penalties of bygone days. It depends very much upon the point of view one is taking. Morland's pictures remind us painfully of our losses. As we have seen, when he painted the 'Interior of a Stable,' he was living opposite the White Hart Inn at Paddington, whither he had gone to study more effectively the ephemeral life that flitted up and down the highways leading into London town—that coaching life described by De Quincey, immortalized by Charles Dickens, brought into historic fame by Spencer Walpole, and touched upon, again and again, in our literature by the writers of its day. We stand before a picture by the hand of this man who so loved horses and horsey men, and we are delighted with the utter rusticity of the scene. There come to our senses sights and sounds and odors known by us in many a rural haunt and treasured as redolent of days and nights of peaceful holiday. Such a picture may, of course, represent scenes caught and made permanent by Morland in a visit to the Isle of Wight, or to Leicestershire; but one is aware that many of these rural spots are what the artist saw at Camden Town, at Paddington, at Willesden, at Hampstead.

"It is then we are inclined to estimate the debit and credit sides of our national stock. We have lost what Morland possest. There is no doubt whatever of that. A visit to Camden Town by the North London Railway, or on the top of a tramcar or motor-bus, will convince the traveler completely that what Morland saw no longer exists. Factories and chimneys rise forbidding where formerly stood barn and rick. Morland's country has gone.

"We love Morland's pictures because he loved what he painted. Love is the link between our taste and that of Morland's generation. . . . Let it be remarked, Landseer was a great admirer of Morland at his best. It is just because we feel that Morland's pictures always speak of this love or sympathy of the painter for the things he painted, that we are admitted into the charmed circle of his personality."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE GOD OF A SCIENTIST

GOD'S IN THE ATOM, and all's right with the world, if we may paraphrase Browning to assert the immortal truth from the scientific standpoint, and to say that we can not split the atom without finding God is also to say that there is no conflict between science and religion. For wherever science directs its eye in the search for truth, it finds the imprint of the Creator, tho it can not transfix him with a sentence and reduce him to terms. These are verities stored in the versatile mind of J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University, Scotland. His God lacks the substance of the One to whom we bend the knee and bring our petitions, but his conclusions, as, perhaps, embodying the general scientific view, are pertinent to the critical spirit of the times and informing to those who are in doubt as to where science stands.

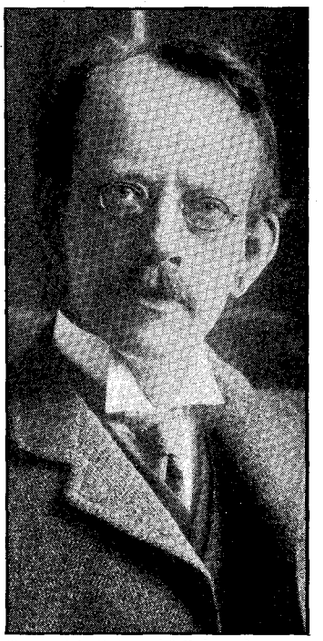
Among the most noted of modern scientists, Professor Thomson is apparently also an essentially religious man in an incurably religious world. In the baffling fields of research he seems always conscious of a something beyond which will forever escape his microscope, which he can never reduce to a formula. From that "universal and public manuscript that lies expansed unto the eyes of all" he has received a revelation —a revelation perhaps too attenuated for most people, who want a firmer basis for their faith. He sets it forth in a series of lectures under the Morse Foundation at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and we quote from those lectures as they are published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title, "Science and Religion." "What is the meaning of it all?" he says, "is the question that is for most men irrepressible," and he is convinced that the answer can never be given by science. His audience in the seminary halls was made up of men taught in theology and steeped in faith, and his whole effort was but to bring them his own reassurances, even if he could not bring them an orthodox theology. He tells them in the beginning:

"An opposition between scientific description and religious interpretation is fundamentally a false antithesis. The aims and moods are quite different, and there is no justification for what has been called 'warfare' or 'conflict.' Disputes may be ended by accepting the arbitration of a frontier commission. We must learn to render unto Science the tribute that is its due, and to God the things that are His."

The work of science, says Professor Thomson, is to formulate laws. It makes no attempt at an interpretation of the world. As he sees it,

"Religion has to do with an aspect of reality that is beyond science. In modern times it should include an interpretation of the results of science, but that is a recent development. Religion is difficult to define, for three reasons. First, because it is like a flower, which ceases to be when science anatomizes it. Is it not almost a contradiction in terms to give a scientific definition of religion? Second, religion is one of the expressions of the developing human spirit, and it has taken many forms in different ages and among different peoples. It has evolved and it is evolving still. Third, religion is essentially personal, and expresses itself differently in different personalities. It is more intellectual in an Aquinas or a Spinoza, more emotional in a Saint Bernard or a Saint Francis, more practical in a Luther or a Knox. Sometimes a man does not know how intensely religious his brother is. But there has always been in religion—whether predominantly practical, emotional, or intellectual—a recognition of a higher order of reality than that reached in ordinary experience.

"With ordinary vision the young man in the ancient story saw what are sometimes called 'the facts of the case'—the beleaguering hosts and Israel's poor chance; but he looked again, and saw, beyond all that—the 'chariots of God and the horsemen thereof.' That was religious vision."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"WE CAN NOT BY SCIENTIFIC SEARCHING FIND OUT GOD"

Says Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the noted scientist, who does not doubt, however, that "God is the constitutive principle of the Universe."

Yet, says Professor Thomson,

"Science has come to mean so much to man—as a torch to illumine and as a rudder to control—that we can not wonder at his desire to have it also as an aid to his faith. But this way lies disappointment. We can not by scientific searching find out God. Science is impersonal and unemotional. We can not base transcendent inferences on concrete data in regard to nature. It is not by science that we can pass from nature to nature's God."

Science has no chemical descriptive, no mathematical formula for God, tho the scientific conclusion that all the physical energies —such as heat, light, electricity, gravitation —are fundamentally bound together in unity and transformability seems to have suggested to some minds a short-cut to deity. Professor Thomson mentions a distinguished scientist who declared that God was to him the sum total of the energies of the universe, and says:

"But we can not believe that the Truth lies along this line of thought, except in so far as every unification brings us nearer The One. The sum of all the physical energies in the universe is still only physical energy—a measurable power, not an Infinite God. Another distinguished investigator has said that when we add to all the powers on earth the powers of all the stellar universe, and when we add to these all the powers exprest in our urges and instincts, our values and our ideals, we come near a concept that sums up the universe, and that is God. We venture still to doubt whether this is a clear line of thought. We know in sample all the items of the wonderful addition sum just suggested. . . . It is a magnificent unification, but it is not divine. . . . Nor can we take refuge in the underpinning idea, that what gives the gravitation and the electricity its power is God. This is subsidizing nature with spiritual grants. Why, to speak as men, should God make things imperfect, inadequate to carry out His Purposes?

"It seems shrewder to get back to the idea of Creation—the world is the work of God's hands. In His Infinite Wisdom He has ordained all things 'by measure and order and weight.' According to the latest reports, there is a finite Universe, but there can not be a finite God. We hope not to be thought of as doubting that God is the constitutive principle of the Universe, 'the source and home of the whole order of the world,' but we see no particular value in the idea of a God who is the sum total of the energies of the world. The relation of God to the world must be far beyond our thoughts—we can not even think

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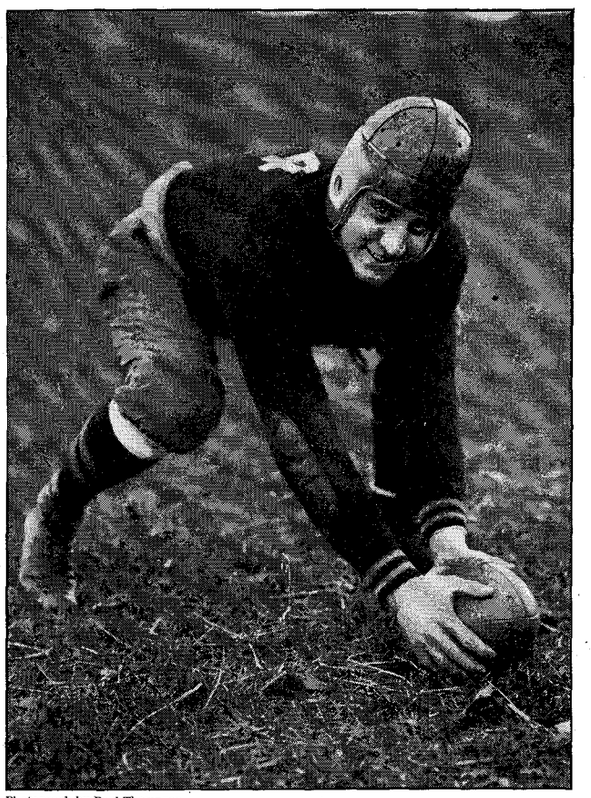
clearly of the interdependence of our 'Mind' and our 'Body.' But it must be a spiritual relation."

Nor can we reason God from the failure of science to explain the origin of life. Experiments made to-day do not hint of abiogenesis or spontaneous generation of organisms, but Professor Thomson tells us "that *omne vivum e vivo* must not be made a dogma excluding the possibility of spontaneous generation long ago. Nor can it be regarded as certain that very minute living creatures, beyond the limits of visibility, may not arise to-day in appropriate conditions." Again, Professor Thomson negatives the tendency to consider the intricacy of the living body and then "leap hastily to an anthropomorphic transcendentalism." Those who leap to this conclusion "infer that this extraordinary bustle of complex vital processes, as orderly as it is crowded, must be specially sustained by the power of God. Yet the probability is that this line of thought is mistaken." Is there not, asks Professor Thomson, "a suggestion of some imperfection and inadequacy in the objective creation if the Creator has to assist the work of His hands with continual underpinning"? Altogether, then, "the attempt to find a scientific basis for theism appears to us to be a mistake." Yet, "when we think over the intelligibility, the order, the beauty, the advance, and the progressiveness of nature, we feel that the world is more divine than demonic, that it is not unlike a great thought, that it is congruent with the concept of a Creator." Professor Thomson takes note of the difficulty that many have in considering Purpose. Is there a purpose in the cosmic process from nebula to cooling earth? It is the most difficult question we can ask in regard to nature, says Professor Thomson. He thinks that "whatever may be his destiny, in regard to which science has no light, man is an achievement that may be said to justify the inconceivably long groaning and travailing of creation. The course of evolution, especially when we consider its main trends, and the high road as contrasted with the byways and blind alleys, looks as if it had been prearranged with a view to the emergence of man. It looks as if nature were nature with a purpose." At the last, nature is to Professor Thomson a book of revelation, too thin to satisfy the seekers after a God to whom they can kneel and pray, but sufficient for those who can not find all in science. "Science," he says, "has depersonalized the forces of nature. . . . A well-educated modern man has a conception of the Order of Nature which forbids him expecting or wishing any providential intervention for his own sake. We may pray for peace, if only since part of the answer comes in the asking; but we do not any longer pray for rain." Here, it may be noted, Professor Thomson seems to be speaking for scientists, perhaps, but certainly not for the rural population in time of drought.

A PRAYING FOOTBALL HERO

SECULAR HISTORY FREQUENTLY PAUSES to point at soldiers praying in the privacy of their tents, and the reviewer of current events does well to itemize the story of a West Point cadet who has made prayer a habit and religion something to be lived. Young Edgar William Garbisch is no recluse, given over entirely to study and meditation. He is a virile, active young man—an example of muscular Christianity. As Robert F. Kelley tells us in *Association Men*, the official magazine of the North American Y. M. C. A., Garbisch will be remembered as one of the greatest football players the country has ever seen. He will be remembered as a center on the last All-American football team Walter Camp ever chose; he will be remembered as the captain of a West Point team that, tho it had no great number of stars, was beaten only once during its season, and then by Notre Dame, the greatest team of them all. He will be remembered as the man who kicked four field goals for the only scores of the game which saw Army triumphant last year over Navy at Baltimore. But, above all, he will be remembered "as the captain of the West Point team which prayed to God before every game it played and which stood, grouped together with bared heads, at the close of its greatest victory and offered up its thanks while 80,000 people stared down wonderingly from the massive stands of the Baltimore Stadium."



Photograph by Paul Thompson

SOLDIER, SPORTSMAN, CHRISTIAN

Edgar William Garbisch, a West Point graduate and a great football player, who says: "Through prayer, religion became a real thing for me. It became a part of my actual life."

"I know and always did know," said the young cadet to Mr. Kelley, when the latter went up to West Point to see him, "that playing the game clean all the way through brings its own rewards." Garbisch, who graduated this June, is also captain of the tennis team. As he sat watching his team practising for a match on the morrow, he told Mr. Kelley something of his story:

"Religion has always been to me a tremendous subject. Years back it worried me, because I felt that it was something apart, something away from my life in general. It seemed a growth on the outside. I could not become interested, and I could not believe in it as a vital portion of life.

"And then I began to wonder and study and read about the power of prayer. I read 'The Meaning of Prayer' by Harry Emerson Fosdick. That remains now one of the greatest books in my life. It was presented to me by Chaplain Wheat up here, a fine man and one of the best friends I have ever had.

"Presently, through prayer, religion became a real thing for me It became a part of my actual life, which is the only way I can see that it is of real use. I have been very happy about it.

"Of course, during my early days on the West Point football team, I believed in prayer, and I never went into a game without praying myself. But it wasn't until this year that I felt that I had any right to sound out the rest of the team on the subject. As captain, I felt that I had a right to put some of my theories into practise.

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"Early in the year I went to the coaches and asked for their cooperation. I asked them not to curse and use foul language while around the team. I asked them not to pitch into the team when it lost or played poorly. And they agreed and worked with me. It was something, you must know, to go to these coaches, for they are officers and we are in the Army.

"It wasn't, however, until the Yale game that we prayed together. Then, just before the game, I asked the coaches to leave us alone for a moment or so in the dressing-room.

"I can not tell you how you feel before a big game of the sort. You must experience the thing to know it. It is impossible to describe. There is all that big mob of people and all the rest of it. I'm temperamental, I guess. Anyway, I was pretty well excited. I decided to ask the rest of the boys.

"I don't know just what it was that I did say. We were all ready there to go out on the field. Our headguards were on and the time was about at hand. I told them of what I had been doing and of the intense belief I had in the power of prayer.

"It was a mighty sight to see those boys. They all of them tore off their headguards; Protestants, Catholics, and others. We joined together in a little circle. I don't know exactly what I prayed, but it wasn't for victory. It was simply that we asked God to permit us to go into action with a clean heart, acquit ourselves like men, give our best all the time and maintain a Christian, sportsmanlike attitude throughout the game. Then we turned and ran out on the field.

"Well, we prayed before every game after that. And you couldn't beat that bunch. We had a spirit after that that was unbeatable. And I don't think all season that we had more than two or three penalties for holding. The rest were all for offside play. And there wasn't a single penalty all season for unsportsmanlike play.

"Nor did I, at any time during the season, hear cursing or obscene language used by any member of the team. We are proud of that record."

Of course the story of the praying football player went all over the country, and in the months following he had letters from interested people everywhere. He is a basketball player, too; but he gave up playing basketball that he might have time to answer these letters. He was invited to speak before a Y. M. C. A. conference in Massachusetts, and worked extra hours in order to make up for time lost from his studies. All this, writes Mr. Kelley, from a young man normal enough to be immensely popular with his fellows; all this,

"From a young man respected enough by his superiors to be asked for by Head Coach Major McEwan next year as assistant coach. A rare thing, in Army football, is the asking of the graduating captain back again the next fall. I do not think it has ever been done before.

"A young man popular enough with the outside world to be a guest on a yachting party of Long Island millionaires. And a young man so popular with his opponents on the field that this spring the head coach of Yale came to get him when he played tennis in New Haven and took him over to a dance, where he danced with the fiancée of the man who played opposite him on the gridiron.

"The visit closes with watching Cadet Garbisch, commander of the first platoon of cadets, lead his men through the pageantry of a dress parade. Drest once more in tennis togs for a set before supper, he escorts you to the top of the steps leading down to the station.

"'I haven't told you half of the romance and the happiness and other things that have come to me through the power of prayer. I'll drop in to see you some time when I'm in the city this summer. And you needn't thank me. This has been an honor.'"

BUSY SERMON FACTORIES—Sermon peddlers are still doing business, despite "straight talk" to the buyers, notes *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), which has even had offered to it advertising guaranteeing its ministerial readers surcease from further mental struggle. To *The Christian Century*—

"It is still hard to believe that this kind of thing is going on in the proportions that the evidence suggests. It is an insult to the ministry, and if the members of the profession have any due share of pride in their calling they will treat it as such. A preacher in Louisville, Kentucky, has responded to one of these offers in the way that every minister ought to respond. 'I shall appreciate it if you will remove my name from your mailing list,' he wrote one of these sermon peddlers. 'I have not yet reached the state of imbecility or the disposition to plagiarize that would lead me to respond to your appeals to buy sermons. A company that caters to the needs of preachers should remember that there is a commandment still in the Bible which says, "Thou shalt not steal."' More straight talk of that sort from the men who are being insulted by inclusion on the sermon peddler's 'sucker list' would bring this sorry business to a quick finish."

LIKE A GOSPEL STORY

IT IS A SIMPLE STORY, this, not unlike, we are told, certain stories in the Gospels. It is of a man who prayed for the Light and the Way, and found them—in mending clothes and sewing on buttons that unfortunate men might not have to fare forth in rags and tatters in search of a job. In short, it is a story of applied Christianity. The scene is in New York, where, despite much talk to the contrary, there is always a measure of the milk of human kindness for the hungry of soul and body. Charles J. Wichmann, who had retired with a competence from a tailoring business in Rochester, came to New York with his wife, an invalid, to live with his son-in-law, the Rev H. C. Freimuth, a Lutheran minister. His five children are grown and married. "C. J.," as he is familiarly known, unaccustomed to idleness, found time heavy on his hands. And there was much to be done. As a reporter carries on the story in the New York *Herald Tribune*,

"Early in January he heard Commissioner of Correction Frederick A. Wallis deliver an address at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in the course of which he said that much of the welfare work in New York is wasted because it lacks the 'individual touch.'

"'I wish Mr. Wallis could know that his words—in one instance, at least—had their intended effect,' 'C. J.' said yesterday. 'I went home and thought and prayed all night to find what I could do. On the next Sunday my son-in-law preached on the text, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and, a day or so later, I saw an article by Ledoux saying that his poor men couldn't get jobs for lack of decent clothes. Then I knew what I could do. I am a tailor. I could repair their clothes and through that service would come the "individual touch."'

"On January 7—his seventieth birthday— 'C. J.' went to Ledoux's basement and mended clothes for two weeks before his family learned through a report in a Rochester paper what he was doing. He hadn't told them, he said, for fear that he might not make good. At the 'Tub,' he remarked, it was not a matter of sewing buttons on trousers, but trousers on buttons. After three months of working in the dark cellar his eyes gave out and he had to leave Mr. Zero's derelicts.

"From Commissioner of Charities Bird S. Coler he received an introduction to Brig. Edward Underwood, of the Salvation Army, and, at the latter's suggestion, set up his 'shop' in the Army's Bowery hotel, on April 13. There he works every day, save Sunday, from 9 until 5—'but sometimes my customers are very urgent and I stay later.' They sit with him while he repairs their ragged garments, and he talks to them, his face grave and smiling, by turns, beneath its fringe of snowy hair.

"'I do not shower them with salvation or attempt to convert them,' he explained. 'I feel my way by asking them simple questions about themselves. Soon their story comes out. Maybe not always the first time, but they tell me sooner or later. I haven't yet come across a man who has rebuffed or rebuked me.

"'I learned from my novitiate with Ledoux to approach every man differently. There is only one type that I am sometimes at a loss to deal with—who are far better educated and more intelligent than I. I must speak to them very carefully and try hard not to offend.'

"The busy needle paused and 'C. J.' looked up at his interlocutor.

"'I do not bore them—any of them,' he said, as if such a suspicion might have entered the latter's mind. 'They come back to me. They come back because I serve them. They call me Dad,' he added proudly.

"About 250 men in May alone came to 'C. J.' to have their clothes mended, according to the records of the hotel. And the records tell further of one of those men after another who returned to his family or left the dingy hotel chairs to find a new job and an old, almost-forgotten self-respect."

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

FEW can judge the Indian side of this bilingual poet, but one must be assured by the beauty of this expression of faith. It is in the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* (India):

THE SKELETON

By Rabindranath Tagore

(*Translated by the Author*)

A beast's bony frame lies bleaching on the grass.
Its dry white bones—Time's hard laughter—
cry to me:
Thy end, proud man, is one with the end of the
cattle that graze no more,
for when thy life's wine is spilt to its last drop
the cup is flung away in a final unconcern.

I cry in answer:
Mine is not merely the life that pays its bed and
board with its bankrupt bones, and is made
destitute.
Never can my mortal days contain to the full
all that I have thought and felt, gained and given,
listened to and uttered.

Often has my mind crossed Time's border,—
is it to stop at last for ever at the boundary
of crumbling bones?
Flesh and blood can never be the measure of the
truth that is myself;
the days and moments cannot wear it out
with their passing kicks;
the way-side bandit, Dust, dares not rob it of all
its possessions.

Know that I have drunk the honey of the formless
from the lotus of endless forms;
through the cave of sufferings I have found
the secret path of delight;
and have seen tracks of light across the voiceless
desert of the dark.
Death, I refuse to accept from thee
that I am nothing but a gigantic jest of God,
that I am annihilation built with all the wealth
of the Infinite.

G. K.'s Weekly prints this homesick outcry that would win a more sympathetic consideration if modern railways and steamships did not offer such various facilities for relief.

SPRING IN CALIFORNIA

By Theodore Maynard

Here where the skies are clear but never tender
On hills burnt brown, save an instant in the
Spring,
With a bright unfeeling beauty scattered lavishly
around me,
No song except of England have I the heart to
sing.

Through the thick branches slant down the sunbeams,
Glinting on the leaves and dappling on the
sward;
Up from the rank grass flies the tailless meadow-lark,
A voice like music from a silver pitcher poured.

Yet what do I cry but: Oh, if this were England!
Here where the meadow-lark not a meadow
knows,
Gold with its buttercups, girdled with its hedges,
Prinked with the petals of the rambling rose.
God! when I think of the cherry orchards snowing,
Of how on the North Downs kindles all the gorse,
Of bluebells in the dim woods flung like fallen
heavens,
And a brook that one fancies must have strayed
from its course!

Oh, that I might see again the dawn upon the
willows,
Hung with silky pussy-tails, soft like them and
gray!
Here where the morning, strident like a trumpet,
From the high Sierras crashes into day.
Standing all amazed at the fierce and glowing
colors—
Others may love them, never loved by me!—
I dream of the dear land to which my heart is given
Where Spring is shyly stealing northwards
from the sea.

Where comes the winsome April carrying her
daffodils,
Who teases us by flashing in the sun her sudden
rain,
Leaving where she passes the hawthorn and
laburnum—
Here am I so far away and Spring has come
again!

TRY to describe June itself and it will be seen that everything has already been said by the poets; but merely name it as the writer does here in *The Forum* and all the evocations of the bridal month stir within.

JUNE

By Amory Hare

"JUNE! ! . . ."
The slow soft word is textured like a night moth's
wing,

It seems to sing
With all the myriad blended songs of birds,
And the faint reedy notes of insect orchestras
Atune
And muted to merge kindly with the dark.
Words
So often have the fire the opal has,
A spark,
A separate light that burns within
As well as with the light reflected from
The beauty touched. Some words are sharp and
thin.
And some are warm and heavy like a fruit
That to the moment of completion's come
By Time's unhurried bounty. Like a plum
In color and in weight the word "June" is;
It hangs upon the air in very bliss
Of ripened sound.

"June. . . ."
So packed with sweet of unseen secret birth,
Of secret loveliness in silence wed,
With only stars for witness, earth for bed,
And the enduring patience of the ground
For pillow.
Through the grass what traffic goes,
Quaintly unseen, but busy with the trade
Of being its self, the thing that heaven made!
What magic in the curved cup of the rose
Unfolding to the kiss whence she has found
The pollened message from her royal mate
Climbing some garden wall to hail his messenger,
(Gauze-winged and velvet-bodied dragon fly!)
To speed him through the dark in purple state,
Bearing the golden grains of Life to her!

"June. . . ."

TIME marches with all of us, and they say that only the unintelligent refuse to entertain the thought of death. Here is a thought from *The Saturday Review* (New York):

THE DAY WILL COME

By Marion Strobel

I laugh with you because I dare not cry.
And all my words are fluttering and aloof—
Soldiers who know too well that they must die
Will laugh and say that they are bullet-proof.
Will laugh as they go marching forth, knowing
Too well the day will come when no device
Of blowing banners or of bugles blowing
Will obviate their final sacrifice.
The day will come! . . . O dearest, let us climb
The circling stairs up to our little room,
And lay a banquet for the Ogre Time,
And light tall candles for the coming gloom,
And close the windows lest along the street
Familiar steps should sound like marching feet.

ONE would perhaps willingly make a journey to see the things described here in *The Commonweal* (New York). One will be forced, it is feared, to take the trip into memory's dark streets.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

By Seumas O'Sullivan

Here to the leisured side of life,
Remote from traffic, free from strife,
A cul-de-sac, a sanctuary
Where old quaint customs creep to die
And only ancient memories stir,
At evening comes the lamplighter,
With measured steps, without a sound,
He treads the unalterable round;
Soundlessly touching one by one
The waiting posts, that stand to take
The faint blue bubbles in his wake;
And when the night begins to wane,
He comes to take them back again,
Before the chilly dawn can blight
The delicate frail buds of light.

THE germ of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" is exprest in these lines in the London *Spectator*—something quite timely now that most people will be trying to form opinions about "evolution."

CREATIVE EVOLUTION

By Humbert Wolfe

This I believe:
that if I do not will
the Universe stands still.
I and those of whom I am the part
built it and changed it in our heart,
not out of mud, nor stone, nor seas,
but out of that in which all these
begin, are all, and naught—
the deep desiring thought.

This I believe:
The ape,
of which I wear the shape,
tumbled in me—his Hell—
a furry archangel,
and, with the only skill he had,
swung with one pitiful black pad
into the jungle of my will
desiring, till
with a final stroke
he tore his prison-vesture off, and spoke.
He threw aside, because he willed,
the coat that clamped and killed,
and shall he not assume, if he have striven,
When all is done, investiture in heaven?

This I believe:
I am the ape
that God made in His shape,
and who, when he has changed all this,
will at the last refashion God in his.

HERE is a real mood from *The Lyric West*.

NAMES

By Joan Dareth Prosper

Names! . . . I hate the tyranny of names,
Harsh things, inflexible as wooden frames,
From which each timid spirit must peer out
Upon his fellows, through a gilded doubt,
And wonder, sometimes, what his gaze might see
Of loveliness—but for that pedigree.

I hope when I reach Heaven I shall meet
No pompous angel strutting down the street,
To introduce me to the other dead
With knowing words, much better left unsaid.
Such fragile things are souls,—they need to be
Left to explore each other silently.

I'll want to walk around and simply stare,
Until I find one ghost whose special air
Appeals to me. Then I shall dare to say,
"I think I saw your thoughts on earth one day;
Tree-shadow on a river was your smile;
I like your wings . . . shall we be friends a while?"

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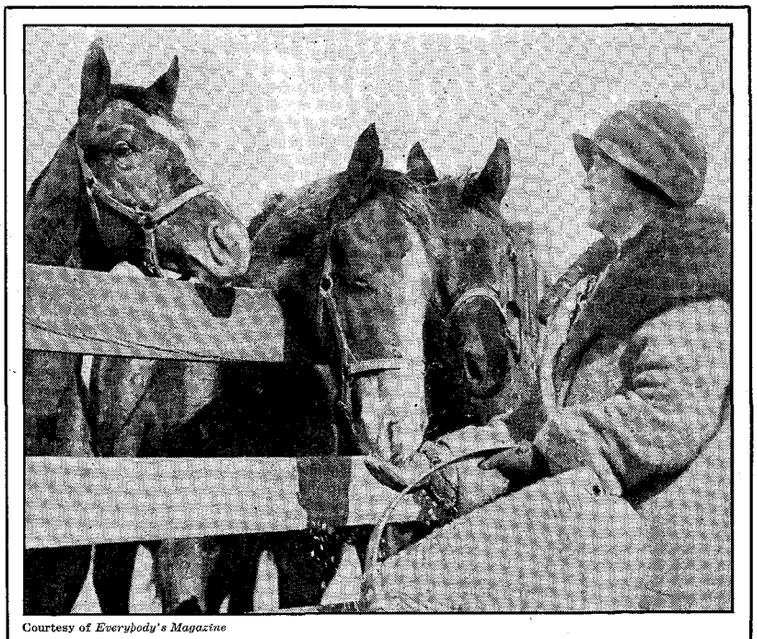
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

SHE BREEDS THEM IN OLD KENTUCKY

"MANY WOMEN OWN RACERS NOW," says Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, "and are gradually taking over the management of their own stables." But she was the pioneer, opening a new field to women, we are told. To-day, she "is one of the most successful breeders of horses in the world," and "leading fanciers of every nation are guided by her advice, sound judgment and knowledge of blood lines." Her one thought is horses. In Kentucky, where she lives, they say that "she knows more about horses than any man can tell you." Writing in *Everybody's Magazine*, Susie Sexton describes her as "a woman of medium height and athletic build," whose "gray eyes of unusual keenness and brilliance are balanced by an extremely sensitive mouth and chin. Outdoor life has tanned and lined her face. She wore a long sport coat, a walking skirt, low shoes and a tight-fitting hat. For there is no hour of the day or night when she may not be called upon to ride to a distant stable and direct the care of her valuable charges." Of the circumstances that first made her the owner of a race-horse, the story runs thus:



Courtesy of *Everybody's Magazine*

MISS DAINGERFIELD AND THREE FRIENDS

She "is one of the most successful breeders of horses in the world. Leading fanciers of all nations are guided by her advice, sound judgment and knowledge of blood lines."

On a certain morning some years ago, when spring was tinting the fields of the blue-grass region to mauve, an athletic young woman strode with determined step down the main street of Lexington, Kentucky. She turned a corner and climbed a single flight of narrow stairs to the office of *The Thoroughbred Record*, a magazine devoted to the turf. She was bent on an important business deal. She wanted to buy a thoroughbred horse.

A young man had arrived that day from Canada with a mare named Tripping. He, too, had his mind on a financial transaction. The negotiations were to be conducted through the offices of the publication, and the young woman's hopes were high. But, alas, when they came to talk the matter over, the owner's price was far out of her reach. The young woman was about to make her first independent venture in breeding race-horses, and her means were limited. The bargaining resulted in a deadlock. Away she went, to return the next morning undaunted. Each day she came back more determined, and with each dawn Tripping's price continued to rise. But the days passed without the beautiful mare finding an owner. Eventually the young Canadian determined to take her home.

Then the fates that watch over the blue-grass country took a hand with a once-famous local product—Bourbon whisky. The night before his departure, Tripping's owner strolled into the bar of the Phoenix Hotel, as wiser men than he have done before and since. From its windows in the old days many a Kentucky colonel had watched his blue-blooded racers speed to victory down Main Street, or hurdle the corner grocery man's piled-up packing boxes, borrowed to improvise a steeplechase. And through the mellow haze of Bourbon he had seen them thundering on to victory on every track in the Grand Circuit.

Tripping's owner looked fixedly and earnestly on this same alcoholic moving-picture of conquest at the Derby and Goodwood. It was a long vivid night, and it changed his life and Tripping's as well. Indirectly it helped to found one of the greatest breeding stables in America.

For in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the young man realized that his railroad fare to Canada had gone into good Bourbon whisky. The mare must be sold now, willy-nilly. Before he left Lexington, Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, the determined young woman with the swinging stride, led Tripping out to her bandbox paddocks beyond the city. Her earliest independent venture in breeding race-horses had begun with this fortunate purchase. For out of Tripping by Ultimus, of the Domino line, she was to breed the Futurity winner, Step Lightly, one of the best young horses of his day.

Miss Daingerfield's most striking gift is her "fine eye for blood lines," and by "blood lines" the writer means the "definite characteristics" by which "certain thoroughbred horse families can be distinguished." It was this quickness to recognize them that "prompted the advice which produced the great Sarazen through the mating of Rush Box with High Time. Rush Box sold for less than fifty dollars. But Sarazen carried Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s colors to victory over Epinard in the Third Special." Reading on—

Miss Daingerfield has the sole care of Man o' War and his yearlings as well as one hundred and forty other fine thoroughbreds at Faraway Farms, the Samuel D. Riddle estate, and Haylands, her own adjoining place. Haylands, where Morvich is spending his days, is three miles out of Lexington on the Paris pike.

Miss Daingerfield met me at the door of the old Kentucky farmhouse. She welcomed me into a sitting-room shining with old mahogany and silver.

"How did you happen to choose such an unusual profession?" I asked her. I had refused an invitation to go immediately to visit Man o' War. It was only ten in the morning. And I wanted to hear her own story.

"I did not deliberately choose a profession," was her slow answer. It was evident that she would rather talk about horses than about any human being, least of all about Elizabeth Daingerfield.

"My father, Major Daingerfield, was a famous authority on horses," she went on. "Even as a little girl I was his constant companion. Of course, in his day, no gentlewoman gave a thought to business of any kind. My father believed, like other men of the time, that woman's place was in the home. However, he was a profound student of blood lines. And he had one of the finest libraries on horses to be found anywhere. I read a lot about them, too. Father would often spend days at a time just looking at horses and studying them. Not necessarily thoroughbreds, but all kinds of horses. Frequently he would go out early in the morning and walk around among them until late in the

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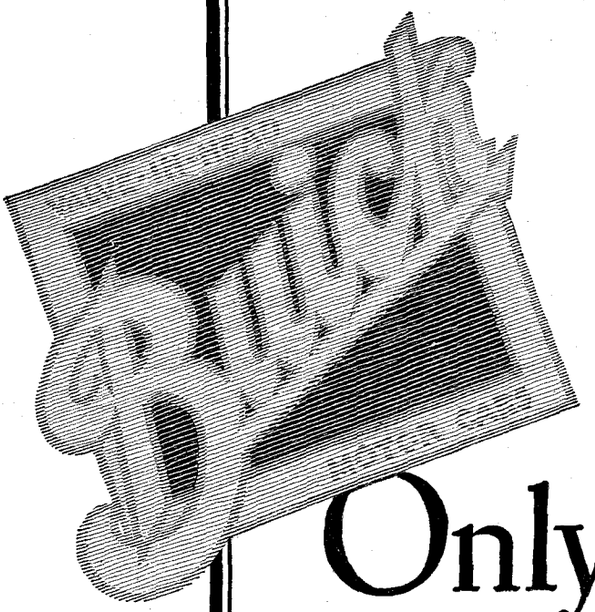

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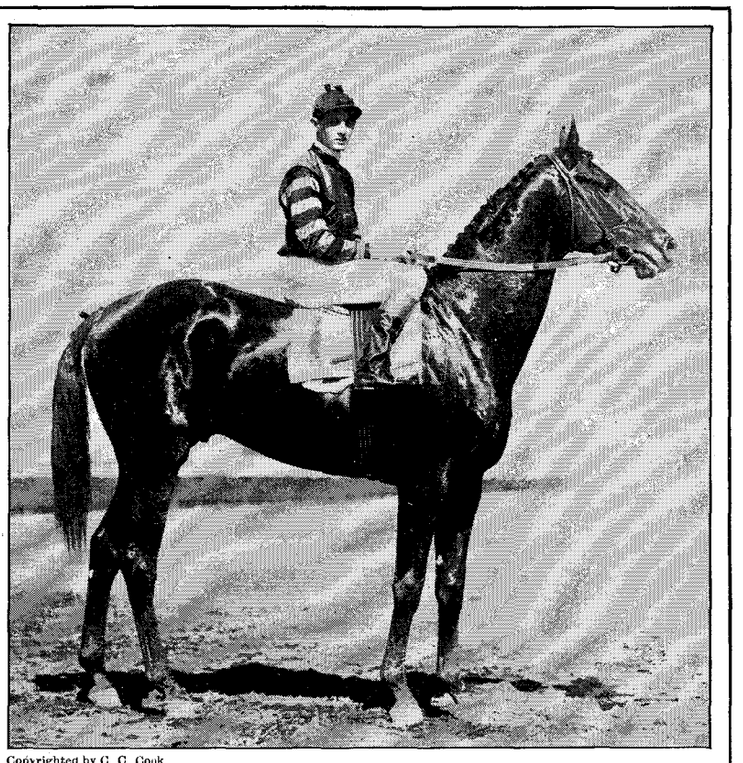
afternoon without even thinking of luncheon. Usually I was with him.

"People came from all over the world to ask my father's advice about mating their valuable horses."

A telephone call interrupted us. One of Miss Daingerfield's staff inquired about the diet for an orphaned colt who had put in a bad night. A groom came to the door to ask about liniment for a sprain. An overseer complained about a shipment of hay that did not contain quite enough clover for the fastidious Man o' War. Miss Daingerfield disposed of them all as efficiently as a financier would go through the morning mail.

It was long after eleven when we started for Faraway Farms. On the way a stop was made at the stall of Morvich. Morvich is a great favorite with Miss Daingerfield. I suspect she is often provoked when he is overlooked for the more spectacular Man o' War. Morvich was in good form that morning. He was whimsicality and imagination, both of which appeal to Miss Daingerfield's sensitive perceptions. She regards him as the Peter Pan of Haylands. Morvich has an excellent sense of humor. He does not take his racing honors too seriously, altho during his racing campaign he won twelve races, seven of which were stakes, and the total of $172,909.

Pebbles and Last Coin are also among the equine stars now at Haylands.



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MAN O' WAR IN HIS RACING DAYS

Now the most famous sire in Miss Daingerfield's stud. On June 13 his three-year-old son. American Flag, won the $50,000 Belmont stake at Belmont Park, equaling Man o' War's record of 2:16$^4/_5$ for the distance, a mile and three-eighths.

While motoring out to Faraway Farms *Everybody's* contributor asked Miss Daingerfield "about the daily schedule she has arranged for Man o' War, who is still the greatest horse of the age in time, weights carried and records made.' We read:

"In the morning," she said, "he gets up, has breakfast, and is exercised for an hour or two under the saddle. Then he is massaged and rubbed down just like any other beauty whose looks must be preserved. In the afternoon he is turned out again and permitted to have a pleasant time."

Man o' War, Miss Daingerfield pointed out, has always been a woman's horse. Three Elizabeths have shaped his destinies and days. As a colt he was brought up by Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, after the death of her husband. Then Mrs. Elizabeth Riddle, wife of Samuel D. Riddle, sensed his possibilities as a racer and with the cooperation of her husband made possible his great day on the turf. Now he is the care of Elizabeth Daingerfield.

If Man o' War misses the thrill of the starter's gong and the judges' stand, he has a number of other things to soothe his vanity. One of the most interesting features of Faraway Farms is the unusual number of visitors who call upon him. Probably no other monarch with four feet or two ever had so many subjects who insist upon looking at the king. Nothing but a personal interview ever satisfies them. Not a day passes, winter or summer, that at least two or three interested tourists do not call upon the bronze wonder. Man o' War has his own guest book. Hundreds of names have been inscribed upon it. Miss Daingerfield herself is never too busy to exhibit her star.

"Why are so many people more interested in Man o' War than in other horses?" I inquired.

"Man o' War's success was partly psychological," was the reply. "It was not due altogether to his great size or tremendous driving power. He is taller than most horses, it is true. And he chooses to cover the ground like a tremendous locomotive rather than flying low like a swallow. His first race was won just after the war had left the world starved for amusement and relaxation. Every one was eager to turn to some new topic. And his name, at such a time, had a tremendous significance and swept the country like prairie fire.

"One of the most interesting visitors Man o' War ever had," she told me, "was a missionary who came here several months ago. He had been saving souls in Japan for twenty years. It was his first visit home to his folks in Indiana. He had motored down to Lexington expressly to see Man o' War. Naturally I was surprized that a traveler from the Orient should go so far to see a race-horse. So I asked him the reason.

"'Oh,' he said, 'you know I could never go back to Japan without seeing him. Every man, woman, and child in Japan has heard about Man o' War. They want to know just what he looks like and how he is doing. So I just had to see him so I could tell them when I went back.'"

Lexington is full of stories of Miss Daingerfield's devotion to her horses:

Not long ago she was shipping eighteen yearlings and Man o' War colts to Saratoga. Throughbreds, like débutantes, never travel afoot. They go to the station in enormous trucks with private attendants. On this occasion seventeen colts arrived in time to catch the train. But the eighteenth did not appear. Forty-five minutes passed. Still the train waited. Miss Daingerfield had requested this while she went out to find the colt that was lost. Finally she brought it back into the fold. It was transferred to a freight-car. And the locomotive whistles blew.

Only in Kentucky, where a horse is king, would railroad transportation have been held up in this manner for a horse or a woman. And Miss Daingerfield, it is common knowledge, is the only woman who could have managed such a delay.

There is another privilege, too, which the railroad companies always accord Miss Daingerfield. She is permitted to ride in the freight-cars with her royal pets whenever they need her care and attention. When Morvich went out to Lexington recently from Saratoga, he became very ill in the night. Miss Daingerfield left a comfortable drawing-room to hold his head until dawn.

Several nights before my visit a mare at Faraway Farms was taken ill. Miss Daingerfield was called from her home at eleven o'clock. It was four in the morning before she returned to Haylands.

When Man o' War first arrived at Haylands with Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, there was a light snow on the ground. Miss Daingerfield insisted that the horses be kept from stepping on the damp earth. But photographers, who had traveled from many cities, insisted that the champion take a few turns for their benefit. Mr. Riddle was happy and proud over the attention paid to his horse. But the experience was little less than physical torture for Miss Daingerfield. As a spectator she was thoroughly unhappy.

Few men have approached the record of this Kentucky expert. Her success is the story of her devotion to her father, Major Foxhall A. Daingerfield, who developed the famous Castleton stud of his brother-in-law, James R. Keene, near Lexington.

Among the horses bred at Castleton under the direction of Major Daingerfield were Commando, most celebrated son of Domino, as well as Conroy, Dazzling Dalesman, Disguise, Cap and Bells (the only American-bred filly to win the English Oaks), Superman, Maskette, Novelty, Ballot, Delhi, Peter Pan, Colum and Castleton. Major Daingerfield and Mr. Keene died in the same year. Then Elizabeth Daingerfield managed with great success the Kingston stud of Corrigan and McKinney before she established her own place at Haylands.

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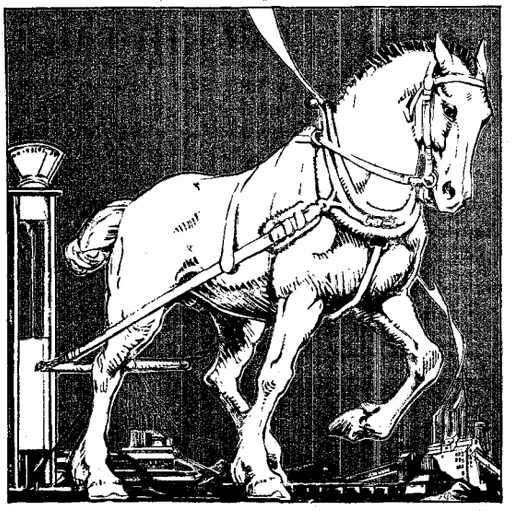

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THE ASTONISHING LORD LEVERHULME

"BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW—and then chew it," said Lord Leverhulme, of Sunlight Soap fame, and we are told that in the "City" of London there was always astonishment at the pace of Lever Brothers in world finance. Not many years ago his lordship "put 40,000,000 into the heart of Africa to control a territory as big as an ordinary country, and declared he proposed to investigate it by air-plane for groves of palm, coconut and rubber trees." But, as C. W. Barron tells us in *Barron's*, the firm "went steadily forward, paid its dividends, and carried forward a surplus annually." A headlong, adventurous, hurrying old fellow was Lord Leverhulme, right up to the end. He tore around the globe at least eighteen times. He founded 200 companies and eleven towns, among them the famous Port Sunlight, and in an article written for *Barron's* by Thomas Dreier and reprinted in *The Wall Street Journal* we are told that he "said he got out of business the fun other men got out of golf, yachting, and the like." According to Mr. Dreier, he "never became what one would call a 'mellow old man.' He was extraordinarily fond of dancing, and there were splendid ballrooms in all his houses. He liked to have young people about, and kept up a running fire of stories and jokes." Tho he drank only ginger beer himself, "intoxicating liquors of all kinds and in abundance were supplied his guests." But Mr. Dreier portrays him chiefly as an inspired industrialist and merchant, and tells us:

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"A RUNNING FIRE OF JOKES AND STORIES"

Made up the conversation of Lord Leverhulme, who "was extraordinarily fond of dancing" and "loved to have young people about."

Lord Leverhulme belonged to that class of men who may be called natural-born distributors. He started life as a clerk in his father's grocery store in Bolton, England. Almost at once the sales territory in the store itself looked too small to him. He began persuading his father to let him go out as a wholesale salesman. He was scarcely out of his 'teens when he started traveling; and he had just returned to London from a six-months' trip through the Kongo when he caught cold and died May 7, at the age of 74. He traveled from nation to nation as easily as the ordinary man goes about visiting his neighbors. But all his travels were for the purpose of finding out what people needed. He thought in terms of the needs of nations.

Of course he was a great manufacturer. But he was a manufacturer only because he needed plants and sources of raw materials for the making of goods which he might distribute. When the manager of one of his foreign companies suggested that the product be cheapened so that it might be sold at a lower price to meet competition, Lord Leverhulme, then William H. Lever, turned upon him and said in a tone that ended all such suggestions: "If I could improve our product by throwing gold sovereigns into the vats, I would do it."

He had a great appreciation of the value of time. In that, he was like Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Dreier reminds us, continuing:

One afternoon, at 3:30, he had paid visits to his father's customers at the village of Hindley, which lies between Bolton and Wigan. There was a train almost due which would have taken him back to Bolton at a quarter to four. He simply couldn't quit work so early and drove to Ince, the next village. Finishing his self-set sales work there and still having time to use, he drove on to Wigan. At Wigan he began to think of the cost of bringing things from Liverpool to Bolton and thence to Wigan. Why not ship direct to Wigan? Why not open a place in Wigan? He heard of a grocery store that was not succeeding. He bought it, made it pay profits, and it was not long until it was doing more business than his father's shop in Bolton. He increased that business until no further increase was possible, and then sold out. Only last summer he said: 'I knew it had reached its limit and those who bought it had proved me right. They could do little more than hold what I had. I quit because I could find no fun in running a business which had no further possibilities for growth."

One time when we were motoring through the English lake country and he started talking about those early days, he said he was forced into the soap-making business by a firm that failed to keep its contract. His Wigan store sold a great deal of soap, so much, in fact, that he asked for and received a special price from its makers. When his soap sales had been increased still more, he was told that the favorable price would be withdrawn. He agreed to consent to the breaking of the agreements if the makers would assure him that their soap would not be sold to any one else at a lower price than they were asking him to pay. That assurance not being given him (he was sure that the cooperative stores were getting a better bargain), he began thinking about becoming a soap-maker himself. Another thing that determined him was his inability to control the quality of soap made by others. He had to be sure of what he was selling.

At Warrington was a small soapery that had been losing money. He bought it in August, 1885. "We made our first boil of soap in January, 1886," he said, "taking five months to perfect our quality. In January we were making twenty tons a week—the capacity of the plant. In December, 1886, we were selling 150 tons a week. By December, 1887, we had brought the capacity up to 450 tons a week." He says he did this with practically the same force of workers and department heads that had been losing money under the former management. The magic brought into the business was the magic of William H. Lever, who drove everybody at breakneck speed—himself the hardest of all. He looked after the sales and advertising, opening up new district after new district until the plants simply could not keep up with the demand. In advertising few men ever accomplished so much with so little money.

He needed a new plant, and "there was property right at hand, but the owners, much to the young soap-maker's disappointment, refused to sell at what he considered a reasonable price." So he was forced to look elsewhere, and, as Mr. Dreier observes, just here began his thinking in terms of idealistic intangibles. Reading on:

At the end of the first year he found he had made a profit of $250,000. He asked himself, "To whom does this money

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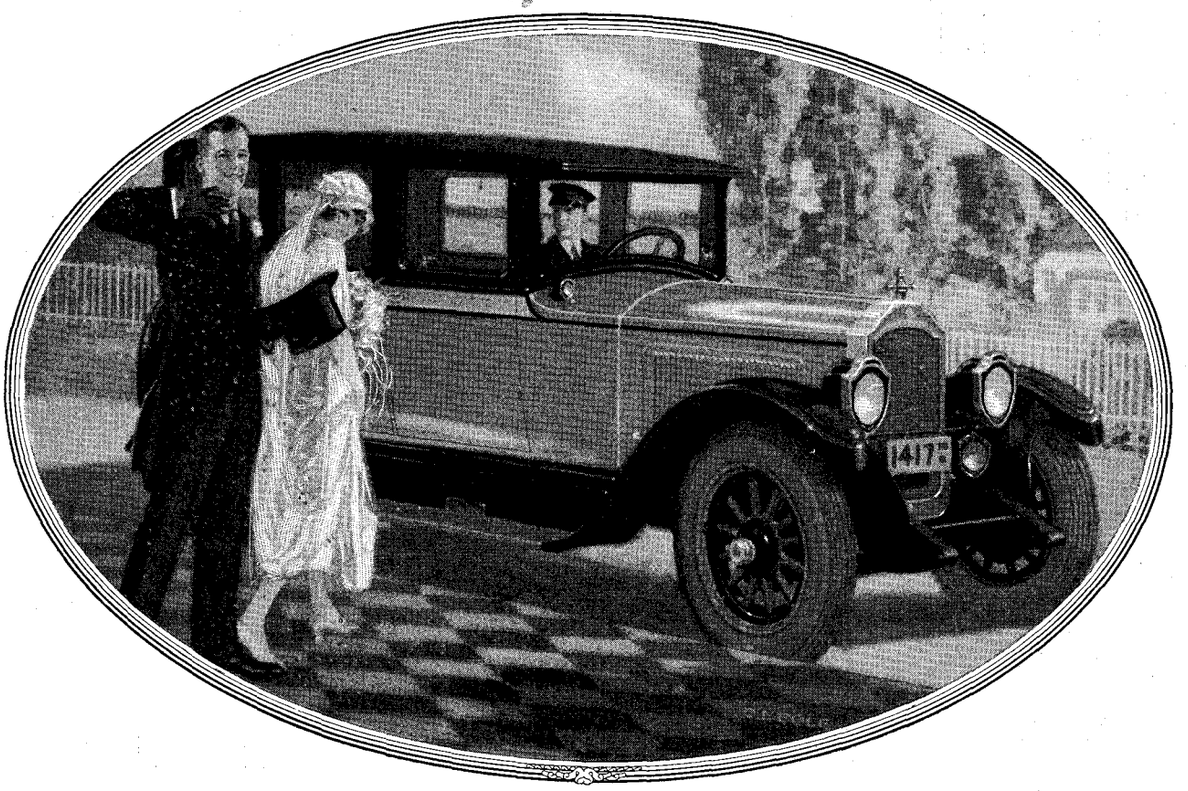

To discerning motorists, all that need be said of the luxurious new Willys-Knight Six is the fact that it has the only type of *six-cylinder* automobile engine ever invented that actually and literally grows *quieter, smoother and more powerful* with use . . . That said, *nothing need be added!*

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belong?" That was an unusual question for a manufacturer to ask, especially back there forty years ago. The question bothered him a bit. He answered himself, "These workers in this plant made no profit under the former management. They lost money until I came in with my ideas and my energy. The profit was made by me, then, wasn't it? But could I have made that profit without the help of these people? No. To whom does the profit really belong?" His conclusion was that the money belonged to him. That conclusion is not unusual. He added, however, "I have earned this money just as a father of a family increases his income, but, like the father of a family who shares his earnings with his wife and children, I must share my earnings with the members of my industrial family."

Immediately his mind went beyond the workers in his plant to the homes from which they came every morning and to which they returned at night. He thought of the wives and children of those workers. "All these people," he said, "must share in our prosperity." That was the beginning of what he always called "prosperity-sharing." In thinking about a new soapery, he thought about ideal home conditions for his workers.

In 1887 he found the swampy land upon which to-day you will find Port Sunlight. He had to pay as much as $1,000 an acre for some of the land. The next year the new soapery with a capacity of 800 tons was begun. To-day there are about 8,000 employees in Port Sunlight alone. They have their beautiful brick houses, garden plots, athletic fields, theater, educational facilities, church, restaurants, and one of the finest art galleries in Great Britain. That early dream has materialized as even the founder could not have foreseen.

Those were anxious hours, however, and—

Most men would have waited until their own business had won through to financial success and had given them a reserve for idealistic things. William Lever was not like most men. He was great enough to think in terms of his business and at the same time in terms of attractive houses and beautiful yards for his workers. Of course he had his heart-breaking days and nights. The growing business fairly ate up money. There were times when no one would have been much surprized if the whole enterprise had gone down in failure. Conservative manufacturers shook their heads over the antics of this queer fellow who did not have sense enough to let the element of time play its part. They argued that the business should be permitted to grow slowly. Why all the rush?

William H. Lever—let us call him Lord Leverhulme for the sake of simplicity and to avoid confusion—always was in a hurry. He knew the shortness of life. Great foundations had to be laid before the darkness came and dimmed the eyes of the designing engineer. He threw aside the advice of his father, of his friends, of all who counseled slowness and conservatism. He knew then, and he never forgot it, that a leader of vision can not afford to share authority. He gave thanks that he was free to do what his own brain told him was the right thing to do. "Think of the heart-breaking delays from which I would have suffered," he said once, "if I had been compelled to persuade conservative, profit-loving stockholders of the necessity of putting certain plans into operation. While they were trying to understand me the golden opportunities would be lost. I had to be free to move unhampered by instructions."

When, only a few years later, a London financial man offered to float the business for $3,000,000, Lord Leverhulme to retain one-third, the maximum the proprietors could retain by the rules of the Stock Exchange, the owner was not tempted. He was, as he told the financial man, not at all sure that the business was safe yet. He still had doubts about its value as an investment. "What the devil is that to you?" asked the astonished financier. "You'll get your money." That decided this idealist. He refused to do business on any such basis. Three years after, the business was floated for $7,500,000, and all the ordinary shares, which gave control, were retained by the so-called impractical idealist. To-day the authorized capital of the company is $500,000,000. It is what it is because its controller from the beginning was a benevolent despot. It is a monument to the highest type of autocracy. The 166,000 shareholders and 18,000 copartners, as the prosperity-sharers in the plants are called, were always willing to let the autocrat rule who brought them profits of $25,000,000 or so a year.

As Lord Leverhulme understood them,

Workers have three special terrors—the fear of unemployment, the fear of sickness, and the fear of death. He labored to sell his soaps everywhere so that there would always be a market which would keep his workers busy. Remarkable success attended this. He also developed his famous copartnership scheme by which nearly $2,000,000 a year is distributed to copartners over and above their wages. Every employee over twenty-one with a year's service to his credit had a right to apply for a share in the profits. He would receive certificates according to the value of his services until he reached the maximum according to his capacity, this maximum varying from $1,000 to $15,000. He would receive dividends like an ordinary stockholder, but 5 per cent. less because he had put no capital into the business. If he invested these certificates in preferred shares at 8 per cent he would receive that and the difference up to the ordinary dividend as well.

If the employee were discharged or left, his certificates were canceled. That helped cut the labor turnover. If he quit because of old age or failing health, however, his certificates would pay him 5 per cent. A man's widow would also benefit in this way.

Wages at Port Sunlight were never less than union scale. Copartners also had their lives insured, premiums being paid by the company. The face of a policy might be $500 or $20,000—it all depended on the worker's importance to the company.

There never was a strike at Port Sunlight, except one time when two different unions could not agree as to which one should be recognized by the company. The quarrel that time was not with the company at all.

The Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight was a monument to his wife, who died in 1913. This, with its contents, represented an investment of over $10,000,000. His best pictures and art treasures went there. What delighted him was the number of ordinary workers who visited the place. He wanted the beauties of art to be shared by everybody.

Personally, he was as lovable as his philanthropies were splendid, and Mr. Dreier says:

For a man who speeded up as much as he did he possest singular power as a winner of affection. In some of his moods one would as soon pat affectionately an engine in a power-house, but there were other times when it was the most natural thing in the world to put one's arm across his shoulders in comradely fashion. He was so busy doing things to make others happy that one sometimes wondered whether he really had time to find happiness for himself. Generally he was buoyant. He always was the life of any party, whether large or small.

WHY "FOREIGN DEVILS" ARE SO HATED

BULLYING THE CHINESE AS A NATION and as individuals has become a habit, we are told, and the consequence is a boiling indignation against "foreign devils" and their ways. The recent outbreaks of anti-foreignism in China, so we read, were caused not so much by resentment over affronts to China as by resentment over affronts to Chinamen. "Foreign devils" despise Chinamen and show it sometimes brutally. There is a long list of insults or worse, and Mr. John A. Brailsford, editor of *The Japan Chronicle*, writes of them in the New York *World*, where he begins with the case of a foreigner who took a lighted cigaret from his mouth and thrust it into a ricksha man's face. There had been no provocation. As Mr. Brailsford remarks,

It may be thought that this is an insignificant incident to record when so many major crimes of violence are being committed against foreign residents in China by brigands and pirates and by armed robbers in the cities. But, in truth, that little cigaret throws a clear light on one phase of life in China.

It is so easy to get into the habit of bullying Chinese, both individually and nationally. Your liver gets out of order and you are disgruntled over the incomprehensible ways of the people. Why will they try to fool you with their false flattery? Your "boy" annoys you by not coming promptly to your call, tho he calls back at once, "Lai liao"—"I've already come." Then when you tell him to "go topside and catchee" your "one-piecee pocketbook," he brings you your pipe instead. So unreasonable of him not to understand your perfectly plain English. Perhaps you confine yourself to worthy indignation.

But the ricksha-pullers try your temper even more. Their very eagerness to serve you becomes offensive, for half a dozen of them may rush you at the same time. They misunderstand your directions. They pretend to know where you wish to go and will take you miles in another direction unless you are able to check them. You lose hours; you fume; you have seen others kick their pullers for going the wrong way, or may have seen a lady strike her man with an umbrella. Your temper gets the best of you and you smack your foolish puller.

Of course it is only an ass that goes so far as to knock a Chinese out of his path or push the lighted end of a cigaret in his face for sheer devilment. But for the rest, I have simply described what

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THE group in front of the country store industriously making big sticks into little ones were actually setting the stroke of the nation.

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Though there were plenty of mechanical pencils—still *nobody used them.*

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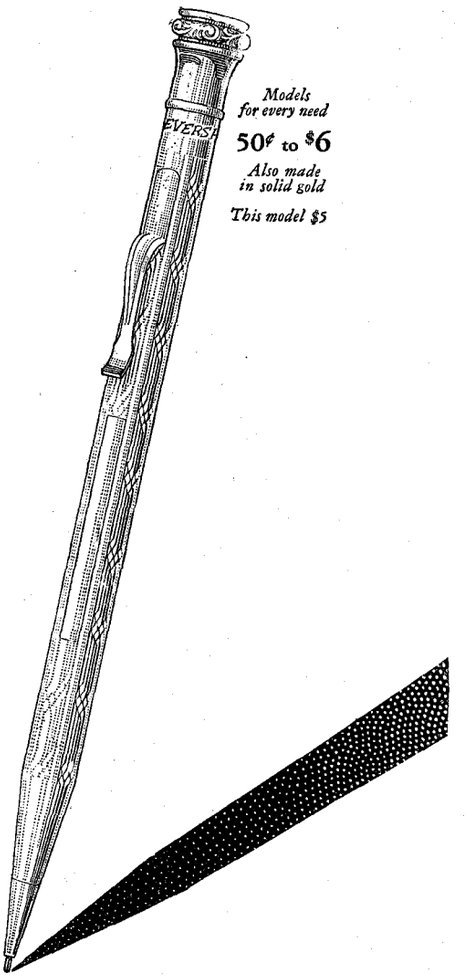

Models for every need
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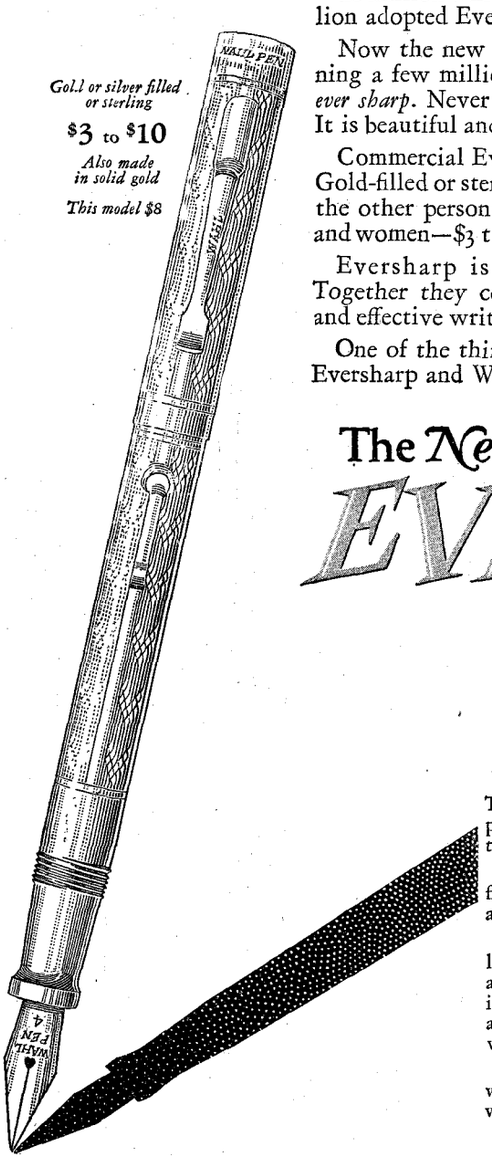

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And now the break-proof smooth writing pen

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It is made of metal. Which is logical. For the pen barrel and cap are a protection for the rubber ink sac and vital pen parts, just as a watch case is guardian of the works.

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happens commonly. Few foreigners who have lived in China for years can claim innocence. I can not. I have even seen a missionary err to the point of using his boot. It is so easy to glide into such habits, even tho you may originally have objected to riding in a ricksha with a human being for a traction beast.

Foreigners returning from China seldom mention these little matters, and, Mr. Brailsford adds:

When Chinese are killed by foreigners, very little is said about it. About three years ago a Chinese was killed near Peking by a member of the American garrison. Tho I was reading the China papers regularly, I saw no mention of the affair except a very brief paragraph recording that the soldier had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for the crime. I suppose the fact of the murder was never mentioned at all in the American press. Yet if it had been an American murdered by a Chinese soldier, it would have been made the subject of large headlines.

About the same time there occurred an attack on a foreign overseer during a strike near Peking. The Chinese strikers tied him up and spat on him. For weeks afterward an English paper in Tientsin printed the report of the incident every day in black type in the most prominent position in the paper, crying out to the powers to take vengeance. To spit on a foreigner—that is an outrage. To kill a Chinese—an unfortunate affair, but nothing to make a fuss about. Such is the attitude of the paper mentioned, I believe, and of most of the foreign newspapers of China.

The murder above mentioned was remarkable in that the perpetrator was punished. I have known of a great many killings of Chinese by foreigners, apart from the numerous judicial executions and military punitive measures, but in every other case that I can remember the foreign authorities have found that the homicide was not culpable—and the Chinese authorities are not allowed to have any say in the matter if an American, Briton, Frenchman or Japanese, or any other "extra-territorial" privilege is concerned.

Last year at Tientsin five Chinese were murdered by a French soldier. The explanation was that he had run amuck. Probably true. Probably the murderer was sent home. Probably a few dollars were paid by way of solace to the families of the victims. But nobody has a legal right to question what was done or what was not done. It was a matter to be dealt with in the private room of the French garrison commanders.

A few months ago a Chinese soldier, disarmed, was killed by an American marine at Shanghai. The victim was one of about 10,000 troops who, having been defeated in the civil war, had taken refuge in Shanghai and had been interned by the foreign authorities there. They were forbidden to leave the internment camp, tho it was admitted that the conditions in the camp were vile in the extreme. Four Chinese were seen trying to escape. The American marine on guard fired and killed one.

The shooting may have been necessary in a military sense. But whether or no, no one in this part of the world has a right to ask, and in America probably few people outside the War Office at Washington know that such a thing happened. Probably many Shanghai people would flatly deny that it happened, for the local papers said hardly a word about it. For instance, the leading British paper at first reported, under the heading "Attempts to Escape," that three of the Chinese internes had been wounded. Then in the next issue there was a sentence repeating the report of the attempt to escape, and the following:

"One, we understand, was shot dead, two were wounded. It is a sad occurrence. But we can see no reason to get hysterical about it."

There followed a few sentences excusing the act, but not a word of the necessity of holding a strict inquiry as to whether the killing was necessary. And the very fact of the killing was hidden away in a corner with a polite "We understand." It was only from another news agency that I know the killing was a fact.

Mr. Brailsford cites as "another example of the tendency to discount or hush up" such matters a report in the same Shanghai paper of March 25, this year, telling how a Chinaman had been run down by an automobile:

It was a brief paragraph, without a heading, and ended thus: "The Chinese is stated to have run out suddenly in front of the car which was driven by a foreigner." Quite likely nothing more will be heard of it. It was an accident. The foreigner says it was the victim's own fault. Unfortunate, but "no need to get hysterical about it." Of course, if it had been a foreigner killed by a Chinese driver, it would be quite a different matter.

I call to mind three instances of Chinese being killed and foreign police officers being blamed. In these cases there was plenty of publicity—necessarily, as the Chinese populace became excited. One was a recent case at Shanghai. The police officer admitted having thrashed his coolie, but brought medical evidence to show that death was not due to the thrashing but to some internal weakness. In another case of some years ago the Chinese alleged that a foreign policeman had poked his stick into the ribs of a resting ricksha-puller and caused his death. The officer publicly denied it, but I have it on the best authority that he privately admitted having done so, tho not maliciously.

A fierce riot followed, in the course of which several Chinese were shot dead by foreign bluejackets. However, after an autopsy the Chinese authorities and the victim's relatives themselves accepted it as proven that the man had died of natural causes. Of another case (pre-war) I have a less distinct recollection, but if I remember rightly the fact of violence on the part of a foreign policeman was admitted, but again the death of the Chinese was attributed to natural causes.

In none of these cases have I anything to show that the foreigner concerned was guilty of culpable homicide, but a Chinese would have doubts about the facility with which "natural causes" was found to explain all deaths in such circumstances.

Meanwhile, the list of Chinamen executed by the foreign legal and martial forces is a long one. We are told:

The shooting of the Hongkong strikers by the British authorities in March, 1922, is the outstanding case of recent years. The authorities had ordered that the strikers should not be allowed to leave the British territory, tho most of them had their homes on Chinese soil. Large numbers of them were trekking peacefully homeward when a British armed corps fired upon them with mortal effect. Of course, those who did the shooting simply obeyed orders, but it has yet to be explained by what right the rulers of Hongkong made it a capital crime for those servants and others to leave.

At Changsha two years ago Chinese leaders of the anti-Japanese boycott were interfering with the operations of a Japanese merchant steamer. Japanese blue-jackets were landed and fired upon the Chinese, killing several.

As for the "Cockchafer affair," I am not inclined to criticize the action of the British gunboat commander on the Upper Yangtse who ordered the execution of two Chinese because an American (manager of a British company) had been murdered by junkmen. If foreign gunboats are to be maintained in China waters a wide discretion must be allowed to their commanders. Gunboat justice is crude, and the excuse given in the British Parliament, that the victims were condemned after proper trial, is absurd to any one who knows the facts and knows China.

But the act was no worse than the recent bombardment of positions on the river banks with the slaughter of large numbers of armed marauders by foreign naval forces. In all such punitive operations innocent people are sure to suffer with the guilty. And the Cockchafer incident is certainly not to be compared with the cold-blooded shooting of the Hongkong strikers.

The punitive measures—for which, by the way, the American Government has ordered six new gunboats and for which Britain also is preparing a stronger river fleet—are by way of retaliation against the acts of piracy and brigandage. It is open to question whether retaliation serves any good purpose, but it is not simple bullying. Truth to tell, gunboat justice is in some ways less appalling than the campaign of severity with which the police and courts of the foreigners at Shanghai are attempting to stamp out crimes of violence. There were fifty-seven executions last year carried out by order of the courts of the International Settlement alone—not including the French concession. Comparatively few of those sent to death had been guilty of killing.

As Mr. Brailsford observes,

Perhaps the few incidents here recorded will serve to show that foreigners in China are tempted to bully the Chinese, not only with their boots but with their guns and their law courts. I am not attempting to minimize the provocation that has been given, but I take it that the other side of the picture—the series of acts of violence committed by Chinese upon foreigners—has been held before the readers of the world fairly constantly. What should be emphasized is that when foreigners suffer there is a great outcry and the Powers are able to exact indemnities and other retribution. When Chinese are the victims of foreigners' violence, a wonderful facility is shown in finding excuses, if the affair can not be hushed up entirely.

All of which helps to convince the people across the oceans, that it is necessary to keep the Chinese under the heel of repression.

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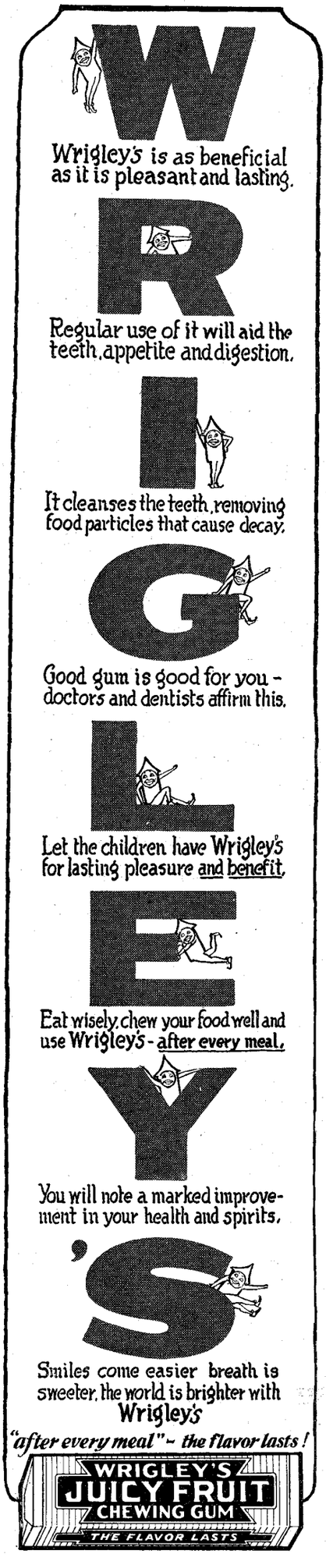
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Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.
E
Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.
Y
You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.
'S
Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's
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WRIGLEY'S
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"GIPS" AND THE "GIP" GAME

A BABY, hired from its real mother, greatly facilitates the "gip" game, we are told, and when used in the sale of furniture, the game works thus. "So-called furniture auction houses plant their offerings" in private homes, and "place newspaper advertisements to inveigle people into calling." If the callers are shrewd observers, they notice some queer things. "There are usually more bridge lamps than any one family could ever have use for." Also, "if the caller does not like the talking machine offered for sale, the pretense may be made that the woman's mother had a machine and has decided to include it in the sale." Actually "in one house where gips were detected, thirty-four talking-machines were found stored in the basement." But, simply because the place looks like a home, with a weeping widow as "lady of the house" and perhaps "a rented infant to complete the illusion," the callers are readily fooled. In Chicago alone, there are "more than seven hundred professionals in this field," says John Robertson, and "Ohio is the happy hunting-ground of the gip" for there "a good-sized town or city is found about every 25 miles." Nor is furniture the only "line" gips "carry." In *The Dearborn Independent*, Mr. Robertson goes on to say:

> Nothing could be more natural and plausible than the offering of furs and other wearing apparel by gips who are engaged in selling furniture from co-called private homes. In other cases, female gips will rent rooms in second-class hotels and boarding-houses and advertise wearing apparel, new and second-hand, for sale, frequently posing as actresses.
>
> Another variety of gip is the pseudo-sailor attired in loose blouse, big, flowing pants, cap and all. He calls at private residences and unwinds lace from about his waist under his blouse, at the same time darkly referring to the high duty upon imported lace and his cleverness in evading the customs officers. Of course, our sailor friend is simply a gip who never sailed on anything more maritime than a ferry-boat. An unusually enterprising concern has profited hugely through supplying door-to-door gips with serge-like cloth made in this country and labeled "This cloth manufactured on British looms." Credulous people are led to believe that the stuff is made in the English Midlands and smuggled into America, a rare opportunity to get fine woolens cheaply. As a matter of fact, many American textile manufacturers use looms made in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, but it took the agile brain of a gip to conceive of the manner in which this fact could be capitalized.

As Mr. Robertson tells us,

> An amusing but highly profitable gip operation is being conducted in a well-known city by two young men whose ingenuity is sufficient to make them successful in more reputable channels. They are known as the green-wagon fur men. Drest in rough sailor-like clothes, these two fellows drive about in a small, closed delivery truck, painted green. Parking their car, and store, at the curb, these gips will sidle up to individuals and say in a mysterious manner: "You wouldn't be interested in picking up some furs cheap, even if you didn't know where they came from?"
>
> These green-wagon operators are neither selling smuggled furs nor furs stolen from manufacturers or retailers and sold to fences. They are merely disposing, at good round prices, of what are known to the fur trade as "burnt" furs. Such furs have been given too strong applications of the chemicals used in processing pelts before they can be made up into garments Altho the outward appearance of the furs may be changed little or not at all, their life is gone out of them. Incidentally, these young men have provided themselves with every variety of license that any authority can demand of them. They are so smart that they remind one of the immortal Sam Slick, the Yankee clock salesman and prototype of Uncle Sam, who was originated by Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia. When Sam met a native Nova Scotia shop-keeper who bewailed the loss of trade to smugglers, Sam pertly advised the troubled man to term his own goods "smuggled," raise the prices, and then let human nature do the rest.
>
> Still another type of gip makes the rounds of the stores and offices selling perfumery which they say has been smuggled. As we read:
>
> The odor is quite convincing, but it is simply good perfume that has been "cut" by having distilled water added until the volume is doubled. The essential oils float on top and until the user gets down to the water, it seems like a bargain.
>
> A more spectacular trick of the door-to-door gip is the "nail-file" test of so-called silk hosiery. The stoutness of the hosiery is demonstrated to the awed housewife by scratching the length of the stocking with a nail-file. The customer believes the sharp point of the nail-file is used, but as a matter of fact the gip expertly twists the file so that the broad, rounded edge is stroked along the stocking. It makes a loud, tearing noise that is quite convincing, but it is mere sound and fury signifying nothing except that it enables the gip to get the money.
>
> Why do gips exist and flourish in a land that prides itself upon its legitimate productive and distributive facilities for human necessities and luxuries?
>
> The demand creates the supply. The demand is created by the bewildered and afflicted housewife, who is trying to maintain an appearance in house furnishings and the attire of her family that corresponds with the standards set by illustrated advertisements and shop windows, and at the same time live within the family income. With her, it is a case of any port in a storm. She is willing to believe her hope that there must be bargains in the world if she can but find them, and it is that hope and that belief that gives the gip his chance. He offers "bargains." It is really a challenge to our present-day life. The housewife should live in a community that does not demand the impossible. On the other hand, these gips indubitably have merchandising ability, enterprise, and industry above that of the average humdrum shopkeeper or they could not exist and profit—such talent should be honestly and constructively employed. Both such buyers and sellers are the victims of an unsolved economic and social problem.

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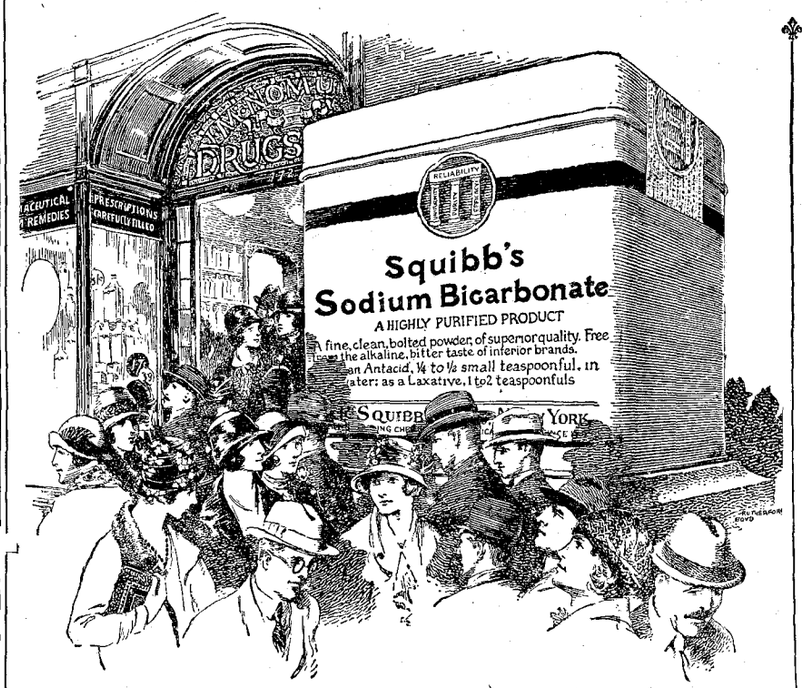
DRUGS
PHARMACEUTICAL REMEDIES
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY FILLED
Squibb's
Sodium Bicarbonate
A HIGHLY PURIFIED PRODUCT
A fine, clean, bolted powder of superior quality. Free from the alkaline, bitter taste of inferior brands.
As an Antacid, ¼ to ½ small teaspoonful, in water; as a Laxative, 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls
SQUIBB
YORK

How often do you use *bicarbonate of soda?*

THINK for a moment . . . how many times have you used bicarbonate of soda in the last six months? A little checking up on this much-used medicine cabinet requisite will surprise you!

Then the importance of highest *purity* and palatability is obvious. Any product which is so frequently used should be pure beyond question, and pleasant to take.

Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate is a highly purified, clean, snow-white powder. It is entirely free from impurities which impart the bitter taste to ordinary bicarbonate of soda. You will find it unusually palatable. It will not irritate the stomach.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have served the medical profession for nearly seventy years. Every Squibb Product is pure. From the raw material to the finished product, each step in manufacture is under rigid control. Squibb Household Products possess superiorities in product and packaging that you will appreciate. Buy Squibb Household Products for your medicine cabinet from your druggist today.

SQUIBB

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

© 1925

$25,000.00

In 508 Cash Awards

First Award, $2000.00; Second Award, $1500.00; Third Award, $1000.00, and 505 other awards in amounts from $500.00 to $25.00.

Squibb Educational Contest

Each advertisement of E. R. Squibb & Sons has an educational purpose. It gives information which, if followed, will lead to better health. To help accomplish this purpose, we will distribute $25,000.00 in cash awards among 508 contestants who give the best answers to eleven questions.

Ten of these eleven questions appear in this column. The eleventh and last question will be announced on Saturday, October 24, 1925.

The Questions

Notice that none of the contest questions is difficult to answer, nor does the answering of them require *professional or technical knowledge. You can get* the information you need to answer these questions from Squibb advertisements—follow them regularly.

1. What is "The Danger Line" in the mouth? Why is it so called?
2. *How can you best guard your teeth against Acid* Decay and your gums against Pyorrhea and thus maintain your general health?
3. What is the important constituent of Squibb's Dental Cream? Why is it so important?
4. Why should a dental cream be free from grit or similar abrasives?
5. Why do antiseptics or germ-destroying chemicals in a dental cream give a false sense of security?
6. Why should a dental cream be free from astringents and other substances harmful when continually used in the mouth?
7. Why is a correct dentifrice of the utmost importance in the care of children's mouths?
8. Why should you have in the family medicine cabinet only such products as are approved by your physician?
9. State one or more points of superiority in each of the following products: Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, Squibb's Castor Oil, Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil, Squibb's Epsom Salt, Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda.
10. Why is it important to consider the "Priceless Ingredient" before you buy?

The Awards

1st	award	$2,000.00
2nd	award	1,500.00
3rd	award	1,000.00
2	awards of	500.00 each
3	awards of	250.00 each
50	awards of	100.00 each
100	awards of	50.00 each
350	awards of	25.00 each
508	awards totaling	$25,000.00

100 Special Awards of $25.00 Each

One hundred of the $25.00 awards will be set aside for the 100 contestants who give the best answers to any one question. Winners of the general awards will not be eligible for these special awards. Thus you may answer only one of the eleven questions, or if you answer all or any number of the eleven questions, and your answers as a whole do not win a general award, you have a chance to win one of these special awards.

You Need the FREE Booklet

We have prepared a new booklet, entitled "The Squibb Educational Contest." This little booklet is filled with interesting and helpful information, which we believe will be of value to you in answering the questions in this contest. It also contains the conditions of the contest. You should have this booklet. We shall be pleased to mail you a copy free of charge as soon as it comes off the press. To assure receipt of your copy at an early date, we suggest that you mail the coupon below at once.

CONTEST EDITOR, E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
P. O. Box 1132, City Hall Station, New York City

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, "The Squibb Educational Contest." 10-AA

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Date.....

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SPORTS ▾ AND ▾ ATHLETICS

Photographs by courtesy of *The World Traveler*, New York

A "DUDE RANCH" RIDING PARTY CAMPS FOR THE NIGHT

A LADY ON A DUDE RANCH

INASMUCH AS "DUDE," "dude ranch," and "dude wrangler" are comparatively new terms, we are reminded that definitions will be appreciated by "nine out of ten persons living east of the Mississippi." According to J. C. Dockarty, "in the language of the cow country a 'dude' is a summer visitor who is more or less unfamiliar with the ways of ranching. The 'dude ranches' of Wyoming and other Western States are not movie set-ups but real cow ranches with comforts and accommodations for summer visitors. A horse wrangler is a man who cares for the ranch string of ponies, seeing that they have rest, water, and pasturage. By evolution, a 'dude wrangler' is one who performs the same function for 'dudes.'" After furnishing these definitions in *Motor Life*, Mr. Dockarty tells us that on most of the dude ranches "the daily work of line riding, herding and chores continues as of old with the exception that the visitor has an opportunity to observe, and her or his chance to participate in the romance of the range and corral. That she pronoun which I used just now didn't sneak in; it belongs here." For "girls and women make just as worthy dudes as do their menfolk." So thinks Katherine Courtright, who contributes to *The World Traveler* an article called "A Lady on a Dude Ranch," and beginning:

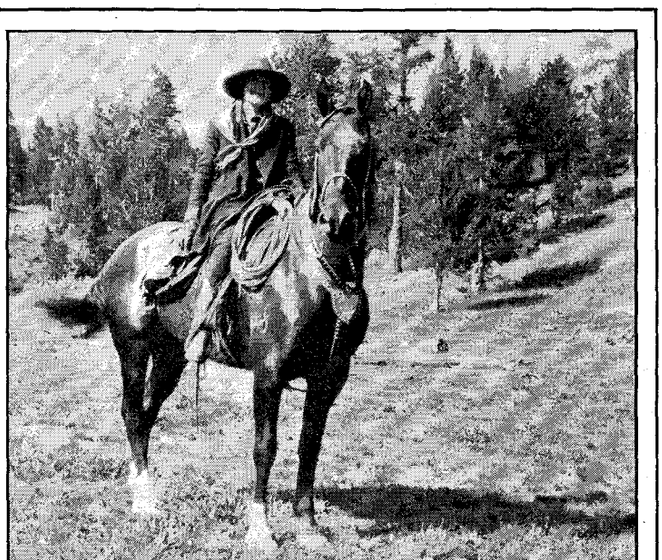
When some rip-snorting, stiff-legged steam-engine of a horse at a western rodeo tries to throw a debonair, grinning dare-devil of a rider, the cow-punchers hanging on the fence roar out an old familiar exhortation—"Ride 'im, Cowboy!"

This well-known cry seems to make the careening rider stick tighter than ever, but I know it never brings to the heart of any buckaroo the thrill of pride and joy it can bring to a lady like the Lady from Boston whom I watched one morning from the front porch of a certain ranch in old Montana.

She came galloping down the canyon road, boots firmly pressed against the strong sides of a fast Montana cayuse, stray locks of hair streaming back under a rakish Stetson, gay yellow kerchief blowing in the wind! A group of wranglers bringing up a bunch of horses from the lower corral halted on the edge of the timber to give her the road.

"Ride 'im, Cowboy!" they shouted, waving their hats high as she cantered past, and I saw the flash of her joyous smile as she answered the greeting with a quick, free lift of her right arm that looked like she was trying to touch the sky all in one motion.

The picture came back to me when I mentioned the title of this article to a dude-ranching friend of mine. He murmured, "A lady on a dude ranch! When is a lady not a lady? When she's—" But I let him get no farther until he had altered the question to make it more accurate—"When is a lady more than a lady?" Then I allowed him to complete the answer—"When she is on a dude ranch!"



"WHEN IS A LADY NOT A LADY?"

To this the answer should be another question, "When is a lady more than a lady?" which brings the reply, "When she is on a dude ranch." For "girls and women make just as worthy dudes as do their mentolk."

I am thinking not only of the Lady from Boston, but of all the other women from grandmothers down to flappers whom I have observed during their introduction to ranch life. I can not think of a single one who did not leave the ranch a more interesting person than when she arrived. That applies not alone to women, of course. It is true of all "dudes." A summer at a dude ranch does something to you, from which you never quite recover.

"Confirmed dudes," as the writer terms them, go to Wyoming and Montana summer after summer from nearly every State in the Union. Reading on—

Some of them choose dude ranches on the plains of the cattle country; others seek out mountain ranches up in the Rockies Sometimes

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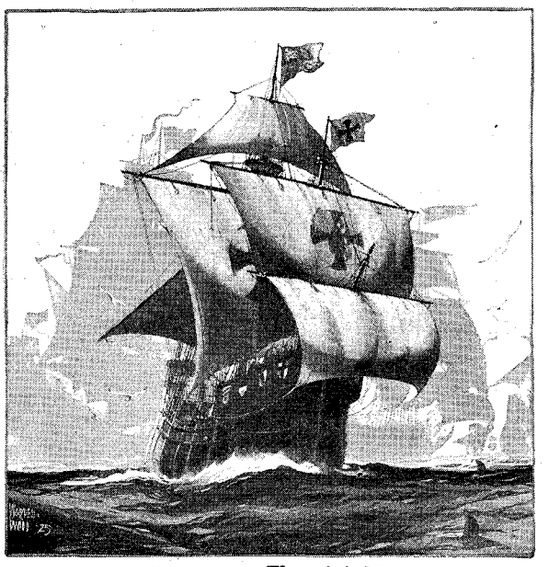
The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down who can say what the history of America would have been?



"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintos and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned—and of these 6,000, more than half in the four months of June, July, August and September!

Day after day, all through the summer, your newspaper tells the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. He tries—and fails. Or perhaps there is a high wind and the water is too rough for safe swimming. Even the strongest swimmers have met death by taking unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to more persons than ever will be known.

Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil. He is brave—but without bravado. He is ready for emergencies—but does not challenge danger.

The sport, showily daring, is a poor imitation of a sportsman. The sport is the one who does stunts in the water to dazzle onlookers—who dives without knowing the depth of the water or what lies beneath its surface—who swims out beyond his depth disregarding the danger of unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

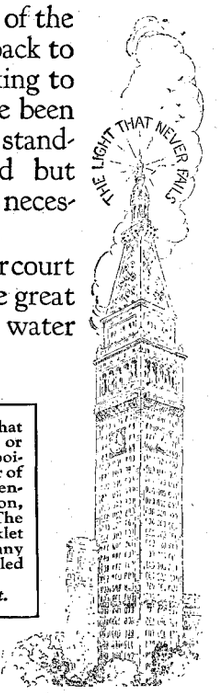
Learn to swim if you don't know how—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Deaths by drowning occur even on park lakes where there would seem to be every likelihood of rescue. Some thoughtless person rocks the boat—and then—

Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. It becomes almost as automatic as walking. Good instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest importance to be well taught. There are many self-taught swimmers who would be of little use in an emergency.

Your Chance to Save a Life

There is one thing that you and *everybody*, young and old, should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heart-breaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.



During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from typhoid fever and diphtheria together.

It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning attending summer vacations may be minimized.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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How to treat Dandruff

75% of the cases of falling hair and premature baldness, authorities say, are due to dandruff. Yet, in most cases, dandruff is curable.

The following Packer treatment is based upon modern, scientific thought in the care of the hair and scalp.

Treatment:

BEGIN local treatments with Packer's Tar Soap the moment dandruff is discovered. Faithful shampooing by the Packer Method (instructions accompany each cake) is imperative.

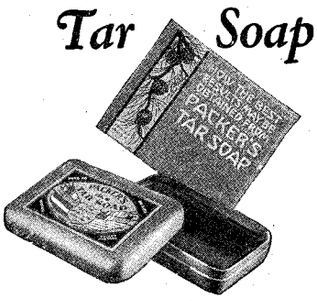
In severe cases of dandruff, shampoo the scalp every other day for a week, gradually decreasing the frequency as the dandruff disappears. For ordinary cases, a shampoo every few days for the first three or four weeks is sufficient for a man. Gradually the interval can be increased to a week. A woman suffering from dandruff should shampoo not less than every week or ten days until marked improvement has set in, when every two weeks will be sufficient.

*

Is your hair TOO DRY?
—TOO OILY?
—COMING OUT?

IF SO, you will find authoritative suggestions for the proper treatment in our manual, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Sent free. Address The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc., Dept. 84-F, Box 85, G.P.O., New York, N. Y.

PACKER'S
Tar Soap



Each cake in a metal soap box

Informative leaflet, giving the proper shampoo method and other valuable suggestions, is packed with each cake.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

they divide their summer between several places, but usually they have one favorite spot which they always refer to as "the ranch," or even as "my ranch."

I suppose most of the confirmed dudes are men, but I doubt if the men dudes are ever greater enthusiasts than the women. Sometimes I wonder if any one could enjoy anything more than the average American girl enjoys her first taste of dude ranch life. Not just girls, either. I could tell you about a white-haired grandmother and a certain surprized pony— But the Lady from Boston is a good example.

I knew from the moment I saw her response to the wranglers' greeting that she, too, was a confirmed dude, and she admitted it to me that evening. We stood in front of her little log cabin on the edge of the forest saying good-night after a hilarious evening before the ranch fireplace. Strains of piano and banjo music were still coming from the house, where the dancing and singing would continue for half an hour longer. The moon was fantastically large and as white as a snowy owl in the black sky. A flock of drifting clouds cast great shadows upon the mountains and valleys extending above and below us. Snow gleamed in the moonlight on the tops of the highest peaks and I caught the glint of the silver light where it touched the lake down at the foot of Lookout Mountain.

Standing silent for a long moment, we listened to the night sounds—wind in the top of the pines, the melodious rush of Pine Creek in its ceaseless tumble down the side of the mountain just behind our cabins, the sleepy call of a bird, a whinny from the distant corral, and—yes, there it came—the shivery howl of a coyote over on Hard Luck Ridge.

"I'm coming back next year," said the Lady solemnly, with almost the tone one uses in taking an oath, "and next year, and next year and next year until I die."

"Why do you want to come back?" I asked her, knowing from my own experience what the answer would be, but wishing to hear her version of it.

"I can't tell you all in one sentence, of course," she answered. "But mostly, I think it is this—I'm a different person since I came out here."

Then, as we read on, they sat down on the little split-log step, and talked the thing out—thus:

"When I came out I didn't know anything about dude ranches except that they were a rather new type of western resort. I supposed from the name that they were not real ranches, but polished, specially established ranches for resort purposes. I came because I wanted to know the Rockies and I had to stay some place while I made their acquaintances.

"Of course I had an inferiority complex, too, fed by magazine stories of hardened westerners and timid tenderfeet. I expected to be sadly embarrassed by my ignorance of ranch life and things western. But, as you know, all that is soon changed.

"My first big surprize was the discovery that a dude ranch is a regular ranch—that the term 'dude' is a perfectly respectful western name for strangers from the city, to distinguish them from the seasoned old-timers. I found out that the only difference between this ranch and the one across the ridge which bears no title of 'dude' is the fact that there's more work to be done over here—haying and cattle-raising and keeping a flock of eastern guests happy and comfortable all at the same time."

"When did you begin to feel at home?" I asked her.

"Immediately," she replied. "How do these Montana folks do it? When they welcome new-comers to the ranch they give us the feeling that the entire 'outfit' has been only existing up to the moment of our arrival and that life from now on is to be the real thing. It is the warmest, most natural welcome I have ever had."

LO, THE POOR UMPIRE!

"KILL the big bum!" "Drag him out!" "String him up!" "Run him out of town!" Such were the cries amid which Billy Evans, who has since umpired more than three thousand games in The American League, departed from Niles, Ohio, in a hurry late one afternoon twenty years ago. Beginning the story in the third person, he tells us, "The back door of a little hotel opened slowly and guardedly. A man's head appeared furtively in the doorway. It was plainly to be seen that he was looking for something. It also was plain he was trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. The man might have been seen to "step out into the yard, reconnoiter thoroughly and then step back into the hotel." He might have been seen to "emerge presently with a suit-case, and, without a further glance to either the left or the right, make tracks for the back fence." Relating the adventure in *Liberty*, Mr. Evans continues:

Around in the front of the hotel a large sized, excited mob surged up and down the streets. Angry shouts and oaths were heard. There were murmurings and mutterings, threats, and angry cries that boded ill for the object of the crowd's wrath.

The mob milled around the hotel entrance, where ingress was being blocked temporarily by calmer heads. However the cause of all this unpleasantness didn't need to be told to get out of town. He was getting out as fast as he could and bent on doing it unobserved. Six fences in all he had to scramble over, and then a level stretch and the interurban railroad station lay ahead.

That man was the writer of this article establishing his first and only record in the high hurdles. I can remember the game which was the cause of the trouble as clearly as tho it were played yesterday instead of twenty years ago. It was between Niles and Youngstown, two great old rivals in those days. Going into the last half of the ninth inning, Niles was trailing Youngstown by one run. I believe the score was 7-6.

Now, all unknown to me, there was sitting in the stands that day a man whose presence was to alter my whole career. That was James McAleer, the famous "Jimmy" McAleer, at that time manager of the St. Louis Browns in the American League. Prior to that he was one of the greatest outfielders who ever played baseball. Later he became manager of the Washington American League team and, still later, president of the Boston Red Sox.

The Browns were playing at Cleveland

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and McAleer had run down to Niles to get a me on Charley Starr, a player on the Youngstown club. That game was one of those close, hotly fought contests we umpires know as "tough ones." Niles made a great rally in the ninth and filled the bases with two out. A hit would bring in two runs and win the game. A base on balls would tie the score, and the batter, Billy Thomas, worked Stewart, the Youngstown pitcher, to a "two and three" count.

And then Stewart wound up and pitched. Thomas saw the ball coming and let it go by. In fact, he even fell down, as if in the act of avoiding being hit. Then he started to trot to first base, and the fans had visions of a tie score.

But I had had my eye on that ball, too. It was a wide curve, and it took a lot of nerve to throw a curve in a pinch like that. It was a curve, but it had cut the corner of the plate. Upward I jerked my right thumb.

"Strike three!" bellowed Evans, and then, as he says, things happened:

The fans poured out of their seats and made straight for the plate, where I was standing.

They threatened me, they called me every name under the sun, they jostled me, pulled at my clothes, and probably would have mobbed me right then and there if it hadn't been for Charley Crowe, pitcher and manager of the Niles team.

"I'm not kicking, Billy," he told me. "I'm satisfied, and I'm going to see that you get safely back to your hotel."

And Charley did. He was popular in Niles and to that, I suppose, he and I both owe the fact that we escaped with whole skins. The other players also formed around us while we worked our way out of the park. We had to push and shove and squirm and struggle and all the while hostile hands were being laid on me, but, close to the presence of Crowe, I escaped violence.

I'll never forget that walk back to the little hotel as long as I live. In reality it was only a few short blocks, but to me it seemed as long as a Marathon race.

The mob followed on my heels, jostling, threatening. And every once in a while some of the fans would grab my shirt and give it a yank, accompanying his action with a sneering oath.

And all the time I was marching straight toward the big league, and I didn't know it!

All things, fortunately, have an end, and eventually I got to my hotel and into my room, Charley Crowe with me all the while. There I changed my clothes and washed, thinking the throng would scatter and permit me to catch my train to Youngstown, my home at that time. But there seemed to be no intention of scattering. Instead, the mob became larger—and wilder.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Crowe.

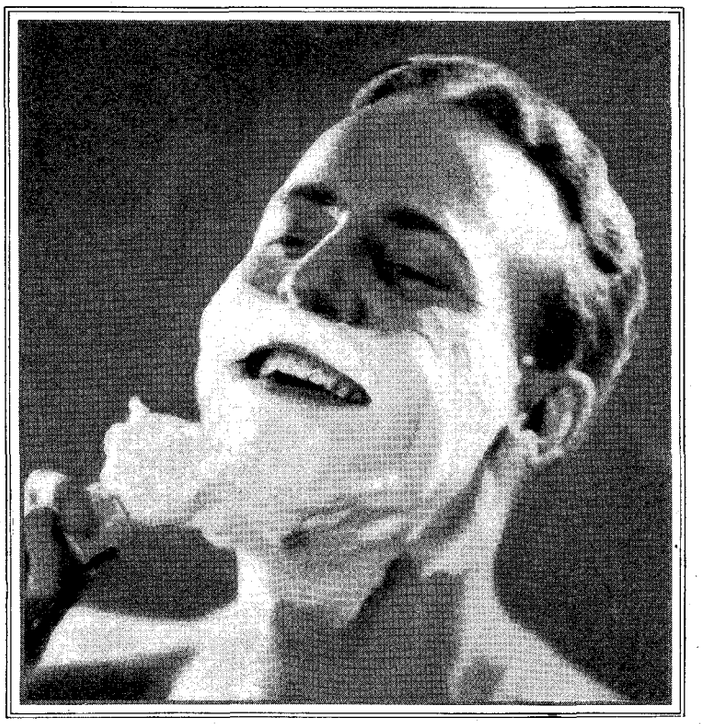
"I'm going to take an interurban for Youngstown," I said. Getting to the station seemed the most important thing in my life. I didn't seem to be any too popular in Niles.

"I've got to get through," I told Crowe.

He thought a while and then he made the suggestion that probably saved my life, or at least a bunch of broken bones.

"You can slip out the back door," he told me, "and maybe you can avoid them. You'll have to climb a half dozen or so fences and cut across lots, but it's the only way to get there."

I got there safely enough and caught my train for Youngstown.



How is it in action?

In *action*, that's when Williams Shaving Cream shows its stuff, that's when it earns a man's lasting friendship.

Just a small squeeze of rich, white Williams whips up instantly into dense, wet lather:

—lather that strips the water-resisting coat of oil from each hair so that water quickly penetrates and softens your beard;

—lather that welcomes the blade, turns each stroke into a gentle touch;

—lather that leaves your face feeling and looking fresh, rested, youthful.

Why not try this shaving cream, the master product of three generations of shaving specialists? A trial will soon convince you of the new comfort Williams Shaving Cream can bring. And a trial costs you nothing.

Mail coupon below

Send the coupon below or a postcard for a free trial tube. The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube, at 50c, contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

Williams
Shaving Cream

MAIL THIS FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE
(Trial Tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 26-B, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Limited, St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

DIGEST 6-27-25

Aqua Velva **is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 26-B**

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Your Million Dollar Face

THE high-priced faces aren't all in Hollywood. Would you take a million dollars for yours?

Until you start using Mennen Shaving Cream you won't be treating that face of yours in a manner befitting its value. It has taken ten years to perfect Mennen's, but your skin will know the difference in three minutes.

The razor blade will cut the whiskers as close as a Scotchman, and your face won't realize it's being shaved. That's because Mennen dermutation (absolute beard softening) takes all the fight out of whiskers.

If you're addicted to the rub-in habit, or a secret slave of hot towels, Mennen's will emancipate you. If you don't make Mennen's a life-long friend after a week's use, the price of the tube is on me. 50c at druggists'.

The perfect shave is topped off with Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum in scent and color. Blends with he-hide and doesn't show! 25c buys it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

THE BIG-LEAGUE BARNES BOYS

AN amazing record, Cullen Cain reminds us, is that of the three brothers who are all pitching on big-league teams at the same time, for "nothing in all the history of the game equals this family achievement." As Mr. Cain goes on to say, "two of these boys have pitched in World's Series struggles and pitched grandly, too. Jesse Barnes turned back the tide of a losing series for the Giants, and

corn lands to the glitter of the big-league goal.

Jesse, the oldest, is really the greatest of the three as far as they have gone. Jesse had a hard time of it. Looking over his trail all the way from Circleville to Coogan's Bluff, I find hard knocks and discouragements and misfortune scattered all along the track.

Jesse Barnes himself, sitting one sunny day in his room that looks out over the palms of the Menger Hotel court down in

International Newsreel photograph

THE BARNES BOYS—ALL MASTER MOUNDSMEN

Jesse, Charles and Virgil, from the reader's left to right. Jesse hurls for the Braves; Virgil twirls for the Giants; Charles, after a training-camp trial with the Braves, has gone back to the minors for a little more seasoning.

ranks with the greatest of the World's Series heroes." Also, we are told that Virgil Barnes, a loser, "pitched just as well as any winner that series ever knew." Writing in *The Country Gentleman*, Mr. Cain remarks:

It is a long way from the flat fields that circle Circleville, Kansas, to the lofty brow of Coogan's Bluff, that famous chunk of rock that throws its shadow across the green grass of the immortal Polo Grounds in little ol' New York.

But Jesse Barnes, Kansas farmer boy, made the journey. It was a long, hard, discouraging, up-hill trip. But he made it and won a name in sportdom of which any American might be proud.

And after Jesse came Virgil, his younger brother. Jesse, however, had blazed the way and taken the hard knocks, making the path easier for the boy, which was as it should be. And then came Charley, the kid of the Barnes family, straight from the

San Antonio, Texas, told me that if he had really known how much hard work and unfair treatment lay between him and his goal, he probably would never have left that Kansas farm to try for baseball greatness and fortune.

Consider! Did any farmer boy ever have as much petrified hard luck as Jesse Barnes, World's Series hero? Jesse toiled for two or three minor-league teams and suddenly found himself knocking on the big-league door.

As Mr. Cain informs us, the Chicago Cubs took Jesse Barnes on trial within three years after he left the farm:

They took Jesse into that Chicago camp and he toiled mightily in the sunshine and the rain and the bitter spring winds. And yet nobody paid any attention to him. Well, Jesse pitched and batted and ran and caught the ball and did not get anywhere in particular.

Finally the team came back to Chicago

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to get ready for the opening of the season. It was practise morning out on the Cubs' grounds and the wind came in from Lake Michigan with cold treachery lurking under its apparent warmth.

Jesse, the Kansas rookie, was out there with a lot of other rookies and a lot of famous veterans, trying to make the team. Along came the manager, busy, harassed, preoccupied, and he gruffly ordered the farmer boy to "Get over there with that catcher and show your stuff." Jesse, his chest bulging with pride and his head whirling with excitement, began to whiz his curves into the waiting mitt of one of the great catchers of that day. He worked there for a quarter of an hour harder than any farmer ever worked in harvest-field or corn land or feed-lot, and all for naught. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to him except the catcher, and he received the balls in a careless and bored fashion.

Jesse got overwarm under the strain of this violent exercise. When he had pitched until his arm was weary, the catcher turned away without a word of either criticism or praise. The manager did not seem to be watching him at all. The boy hung around the field for quite a little while, and that wicked wind from Lake Michigan chilled and numbed him to the bone.

The next day when he reported for practise his arm was as dead as a deal board. He could not throw from the box to the plate. The manager raved and then released him outright that very day.

And thus it was that Jesse Barnes, who was destined seven years later to hear 40,000 frenzied fans proclaim him the World's Series hero under the shadow of Coogan's Bluff, was sent back to the farm with a dead arm.

The balm in the breezes that blow across Kansas, and the wholesome help of hard work on the farm, soon cured Jesse's lame arm, and before that summer had passed and gone he was back in Davenport on his way to a fresh start for the majors.

He pitched for Davenport that year and the next, and in 1915 he was purchased by Boston in the National League, and this time he was given a real big-league trial. In 1918 he was sold to the New York Giants. In 1919 he had his best big-league year. He won twenty-five games that year and lost only nine. In 1920 he did not do so well, winning only twenty and losing fifteen.

It was in 1921, however, that this long-suffering arm began to give him really serious trouble. He had a bad year.

Well, the Giants with the aid of Nehf and Douglas and Toney won the pennant. Then came the great World's Series with the champion Yankees of the American League.

McGraw picked Douglas as his pitching star to open the series. Douglas was beaten. Then McGraw selected Nehf to pitch the second game. Nehf was beaten.

With his back to the wall, McGraw selected Toney to start the third game. In the third inning of that game the Murderers' Row of the Yankee batting order knocked Toney from the box.

Then it was, in utter desperation, that McGraw called Jesse Barnes from the bull pen into the fray.

It was one of the critical baseball moments in the history of the game.

But pitching with care and coolness and much cunning this Kansas farmer boy turned back the greatest batsmen of all time, one after another, inning after inning. The Giants took new heart behind this forlorn-hope pitcher. From then on they were unbeatable. Jesse Barnes still has his bad arm, but he can still pitch

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

winning big-league ball. The Giants traded him back to Boston in 1923.

And now about Virgil and Charles. Says Mr. Cain:

But to get back to that Kansas farm near Circleville. Virgil, backed by Jesse's fame, won an early trial on the town diamond. In 1922, after a few seasons in the minors, he came to the Giants.

Virgil spent most of the season 1923 toiling in the bull pen. But he stuck to his guns. Week by week he made a little progress. Month by month he developed.

McGraw sent him in to pitch the fourth game of the World's Series last fall. The Washington batsmen greeted him with a fusillade of base hits and drove him to the showers.

With the fall classic tied up three to three a few days later in Washington, McGraw called on Virgil Barnes, his kid pitcher, to save the day.

It was not Virgil's fault that the National Leaguers did not win.

In the fateful eighth inning, with the score three to one in favor of his team and two men on and two men out, the batsman hit an easy grounder to third base. Victory was in sight. But the ball took a bad bound over Lindstrom's head and lo, fate had decided the struggle.

Charley Barnes was on the Boston National League roster last year. This spring he went South for the training season with the New York Giants. He will probably have to serve apprenticeship in the minors for another year at least, before he can pitch as a big-league regular.

WHAT IS SPORT?

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gertrude Ederle's record-breaking swim of more than twenty miles across New York harbor from the Battery to Sandy Hook—a mere preparation for her coming attempt to swim the English Channel—leads a New York sports writer to a serious consideration of the question, "Just what is Sport?" And after Mr. W. O. McGeehan has written eloquently for the space of a column he says frankly: "This column ends where it started: What is sport?" for it is "all in the point of view." However, Mr. McGeehan states his own point of view and illustrates it by contrasting two events. One of them took place on Saturday afternoon, July 2, 1921, when "more than ninety thousand 'sport lovers' paid something over $1,600,000 to see Jack Dempsey, the greatest exponent of modern prizefighting, batter down Georges Carpentier, an opponent of much frailer physique. Dempsey was in no danger of being hurt. He knew in his heart that it meant just one snarl and one rush at his victim. He chose to prolong it for the 'sake of the sport.'" Continuing, this veteran sports writer tells us in the sports section of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Carpentier knew that he had no chance. He went into the ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres much in the frame of mind of a victim

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PERSONAL HYGIENE: The Rules for Right Living. By Allan J. McLaughlin, M.D.; Surgeon United States Public Health Service.

COMMUNITY HEALTH: How to Obtain and Preserve It. By Donald B. Armstrong, M.D.; Sc.D.; National Health Council.

CANCER: Nature, Diagnosis, and Cure. By Francis Carter Wood, M.D.; Director, Institute for Cancer Research, Columbia University, New York City.

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walking to the electric chair. But because he had real courage of sang froid, and was a great actor, he walked to his doom with a smile that might have seemed genuine if one had not seen the gray and haggard face of the victim before he emerged from his dressing room.

This was the "Battle of the Century," the great moment of modern sport. The gate receipts set a record for professional sport that never will be broken.

Dempsey was paid $300,000 for knocking out a man who had no chance against him. Carpentier was paid $200,000 for being knocked out. The spectators paid as high as $50 each for seeing an event that was as near being a sporting event as the slaughtering pens of the Chicago stockyards on a busy day.

Now Mr. McGeehan tells us:

The other morning just at dawn Miss Gertrude Ederle, seventeen, took to the water off the Battery and swam to Sandy Hook, a distance of twenty-one miles, more or less. Battling the tides, she reached her goal in 7 hours 11 minutes and 30 seconds, breaking the record for the course, which was held by a man.

This was merely a training stunt for Miss Ederle. Later in the year she will try to break a record for swimming the English Channel. Only three men have succeeded in doing this. Miss Ederle's swim the other morning was made for the purpose of assuring herself that she could go the distance, as they say. It seems certain that she can. She had a hard fight with adverse tides at the start. She did not rest and she took no nourishment while she was in the water. She finished smiling and apparently not at all wearied.

In a few months Gertrude Ederle will be fighting the more turbulent and more treacherous waters of the English Channel for nothing at all but the glory of her sex and the love of the sport.

What is sport? The man trained in the work of modified murder "killing" a helpless antagonist for a record purse, or the seventeen-year-old girl fighting the elements for nothing at all?

Here Mr. McGeehan goes further into the question as to "What is sport?" and says:

I think that I could picture the event that would draw the gate receipts of eternity, if there could be an inclosure big enough to hold all who would attend.

It would be to have developed a prize-fighter, preferably African descent, who would menace the heavyweight championship, which seems to be the proudest jewel in the crown of Caucasian civilization.

The new gladiator would be considered a menace to the Nordic or near-Nordic supremacy. Mr. Jack Dempsey would be picked to oppose him. Of course this is far-fetched, for Mr. Dempsey is not anxious to meet Harry Wills, who is not much of a menace. But this is a fanciful picture.

It would have to be made quite evident that the white champion would win and win easily. It would not be considered sport if the black man had an even chance or better.

It is all in the point of view. But, somehow, the sight of this seventeen-year-old girl fighting the churning waters of the English Channel alone and under the open sky in the pride of her young strength for nothing but the pleasure of fighting the elements seems to me the higher expression of sport.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

GIVING A THOUGHT TO THE SOUTH

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION held in Grand Central Palace, New York City, last month, was spoken of as "the first concerted step of the South to place before its fellow Americans its opportunities and possibilities." Primarily, we read in *The Manufacturers' Record*, a Baltimore weekly which was one of the strongest boosters of the Exposition, it "was designed to inform the North, East and West and also foreign lands about the South, its achievements, advantages, opportunities and potentialities." Many events happening about the time of the Exposition helped contribute to its success, we read in the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

Among such events have been the arranging of new southbound connections enabling railroads to gain convenient port outlet through Southern seaports. The Illinois Central and the Frisco are notably among such roads. Another such event was the visit of the high officials of the Steel Corporation to Birmingham, and their evident and augmented regard for this district as a scene of greatly enlarged operations. Added to this is the southward trend of mills and factories, particularly cotton and paper mills. The winter visits of tourists to all Southern States, but particularly to Florida, in unprecedented numbers, have caused the South to be better known and to be heralded far and wide. Other factors of various kinds have had both a measurable and an immeasurable influence in attracting favorable attention to the South.

At a luncheon held during the progress of the Exposition, the Governor of South Carolina spoke of a man who had been asked to paint a symbolic picture of the South, and had depicted a great tree with a colored man sleeping in its shade and cotton-fields in the background. That, said the Governor, as quoted in *The Manufacturers' Record*, "is the general picture of the South in the average Northern man's mind." But here is the proportion of some of our agricultural and mineral products which comes from the South, as reported in *The Magazine of Wall Street:*

Minerals—Bauxite (aluminum), 100 per cent.; Fuller's earth, 100 per cent.; turpentine and resin, 100 per cent.; sulfur, 99 per cent.; carbon black from natural gas, 97 per cent.; crude barytes (lime), 92 per cent.; aluminum, 90 per cent.; natural-gas gasoline, 75 per cent.; commercial fertilizer, 73 per cent.; natural gas, 60 per cent.; graphite, 60 per cent.; petroleum, 59 per cent.; mica, 57 per cent.; quartz, 50 per cent.; lumber, 50 per cent.

Agricultural Products—Cottonseed oil, 100 per cent.; sugar-cane, 100 per cent.; cane sirup and cane sugar, 100 per cent.; molasses, 100 per cent.; peanuts, 100 per cent.; peanut oil, 100 per cent.; cow peas, 97 per cent.; soya beans, 91 per cent.; sweet potatoes, 91 per cent.; sorghum sirup, 90 per cent.; winter and spring vegetables, 90 per cent.; tobacco, 83 per cent.; rice, 80 per cent.; grain sorghums, 70 per cent.; broom corn, 60 per cent.; butter, 50 per cent.

Recent figures prepared by the Commerce Department showed that the South leads all other sections in exports, and that the Southern State of Texas is first in rank in value of exports among all the States in 1924. Citing these figures, *The Manufacturers' Record* notes that—

The combined value of domestic exports originating in the various Southern States in 1924 amounted to $1,731,080,960, or over 38 per cent. of the total of continental United States.

The value of exports originating in Texas in 1924 amounted to $737,218,927, giving that State first place in the country's domestic export trade, followed by New York, with domestic exports valued at $731,593,502, while Pennsylvania, the third in export value, shipped only $293,299,153 worth of domestic merchandise to foreign countries.

The Southern Exposition, says the New York *World*, "has shown visitors the South immersed in new enterprises from the oil-wells of Smackover to the realty offices of Miami"—

It has shown them a Texas which now stands first among all the agricultural States. It has shown them a North Carolina with more than 7,000 miles of improved roads, with more cotton-spindles than any State save Massachusetts, and with a greater lumber production than any other State outside the West. It has shown them in Birmingham a great steel center of 200,000 people on land that was a corn-field in 1870. It has shown in Norfolk a port with more commerce than Boston. It has shown a section which expends $315,000,000 a year on education, whose banking resources approach $10,000,000,000, and whose total wealth to-day is computed to be four-fifths as much as the total wealth of the United States in 1900.

Yet this does not mean that the South's chief problems are solved, continues *The World*. "They can be summed up by saying that the South is still in farming and manufacturing too largely resting upon one support." "The one-crop system and the tenant system go hand in hand in Southern agriculture as twin evils," directly connected "because the land-owner or store-keeper who finances the tenant in return for a crop lien looks upon cotton as giving the surest return, and insists that it be planted." By a "one-manufacture system," *The World* means that in the South "manufacture is chiefly centered outside of the iron and coal district about Birmingham, in a ring of textile cities thrown about the southern tip of the Appalachians." But the New York paper concludes optimistically:

Undoubtedly a greater diversification and maturity will come both in manufacturing and agriculture. The growth of the textile industry will itself bring fresh industries in its train. There will be finishing-plants as well as weaving-mills; then clothing-factories and more machine-shops and steel-mills. All this will result in competition for wage-earners, stronger labor unions and more industrial legislation. As for agriculture, it is generally believed by experts that the greatest improvements of the next quarter-century will come not in the West but in the old South.

THE OVER-TAXED FARMER

"THE HAND OF THE TAX COLLECTOR is falling harder on the farmer than it is on any other class of business or industry in the country." This, according to a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, is the verdict of the financial experts of the Department of Agriculture and the Census Bureau who have been making a study of the farmers' end of the tax situation. Some of the findings are briefly stated as follows:

Taxes on farm lands and farm property in the United States are approximately 140 per cent. higher to-day than they were at the beginning of the world war in 1914. In the same period the selling value of the farmer's products generally has increased less than 60 per cent. and the net cash return on his year's work has changed not at all.

With the exception of a very few of the States, from 30 to 65 per cent. of the net cash return of the farming business is being paid over in general property taxes for public purposes.

More than $800,000,000 is being collected annually in taxes on farms. Almost without exception these taxes are being levied on a basis of estimated capital values, without regard for the earning capacity or the net revenues that the owners of the farms are realizing from them.

Most of the money that the States and counties are spending is being derived through general property taxes. Approximately 80 per cent. of the State and county funds is coming in through this channel. In Illinois the amount is 87.4 per cent. These taxes are bearing heaviest on farm lands.

Farm property is more highly capitalized, proportionately, than any other class of real estate in the country. Almost as a general proposition, farm lands are being assessed on an economic valuation which they do not have on their present earning capacity, and probably will not have for some years to come.

Increased valuations of farm lands for taxing purposes have

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It is our policy always to fit the bond to the investor, in so far as our knowledge of his circumstances will permit. The following definite examples show how various bonds may be grouped according to their suitability to variously conditioned investors:

	SUGGESTED INVESTMENTS	
For the young man, or man of limited surplus, availability of invested funds is second only to safety.	Laclede Gas Light Co. (St. Louis) 5½s, 1953 Portland Electric Power Co. 6s, 1947 Detroit City Gas Company First 6s, 1947 Kansas City Power & Light Co. First 5s, 1952 West Penn Railways Co. Debenture 6½s, 1927	*Average yield about* 5.50%
For the large investor of substantial income, tax-exemption is a determining factor.	Cleveland, Ohio, School District 4¼s, 1935 Milwaukee County, Wis., Met. Srge. Dist. 4½s, 1945 State of Oregon, Highway 4¼s, 1930 Burlington Joint Stock Land Bk. 4½s, 1955, Opt.'35 St. Louis Joint Stock Land Bk. 4½s, 1955, Opt. 1935	*Average yield about* 4.13%
For the woman investor dependent upon the income from her investments, safety is the all-important consideration.	Commonwealth Edison Co. (Chicago) First 5s, 1943 St. Paul Gas Light Co. First 5s, 1944 Hotel La Salle (Chicago) First 5½s, 1940 San Antonio Public Service Co. 6s, 1952 Cudahy Packing Co. First 5s, 1946	*Average yield about* 5.13%
For the middle-aged investor more concerned with assured income than availability of principal, a well-diversified list of salable, though less active issues, is the logical choice, because of their higher yield.	Chesebrough Bldgs. (N.Y.) First 6s, 1948 Brooklyn City R. R. Co. Equipment 5s, 1927 Long-Bell Lumber Co. First 6s, 1942 Central Illinois Public Service Co. 5½s, 1950 Minnesota & Ontario Paper Co. First 6s, 1945	*Average yield about* 5.76%
For the guardian, trustee or administrator, safety with reasonable return is ordinarily more important than extreme marketability.	Birmingham (Ala.) Water Works Co. First 5½s, 1954 42 Broadway Bldg. (N.Y.) First 6s, 1939 Binghamton (N.Y.) Lt., Ht. & Pr. Co. 5s, 1946 Kentucky Utilities Company First 6s, 1949 New Jersey Power & Light Co. First 5s, 1936	*Average yield about* 5.46%
For the business house seeking to build up a reserve of liquid assets, readily negotiable investments are essential.	West Penn Power Co. First 5s, 1946 Armour & Company (Del.) First 5½s, 1943 Denver Gas & Electric Light Co. 5s, 1951 Kingdom of Belgium External 7s, 1955 Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co. (Chgo.) 6% Notes, 1927	*Average yield about* 5.56%

More thorough discussion of the importance of fitting the bond to the investor is contained in our booklet, "Essentials of a Sound Investment Policy." We would like to have you read it, and we shall be glad to send you a copy if you will write for booklet LD-65.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

not carried with them an increased earning capacity of farms. In States where the depression of crop values has fallen hardest, the net earnings of many farmers have been completely wiped out with the payment of their farm or general property taxes.

As the costs of highways and local improvements in recent years have been shifted to counties and local districts, they have almost invariably been passed along to farm lands and other real estate. The result is that taxes on farm lands have been constantly increasing during a period when net revenues and profits of farmers were steadily declining.

Assessments of taxes on property used for business purposes are nearly always based on some consideration of the earning capacity involved. But in taxing farm land it is found that the principle of annual income is almost entirely ignored.

The Federal Government is following the policy of adjusting taxes to the size of personal or corporate incomes. The man who lost money in the course of the year, or had no profits, does not pay taxes. The belief is gaining ground that the same principle should in some degree be applied in taxing farms and agricultural activities for general public purposes.

FARMERS RESCUE AN ABANDONED RAILROAD

THERE are a few hundred farmers in Illinois who are congratulated by *Capper's Weekly* (Topeka) for their apparent success in trying an interesting experiment in railroad management. A small railroad was abandoned by its owners as unprofitable, whereupon the farmers of the region not only took the property over and used it to transport their products, but actually made it pay. As Senator Capper's paper tells the story:

When the Fox and Illinois Union Railway Company decided to abandon its road, and received the sanction of the State Railway Commission to do it, the 250 farmers along the road's right-of-way were stunned. They had no other outlet for their products. They might buy expensive motor-trucks, but Illinois mud is as sticky and deep as it is fertile, and this district is in the State's richest grain-growing region. Many of these farmers, already heavily in debt, saw nothing but ruin staring them in the face. Sharp depreciation in land values seemed inevitable. There were visions of abandoned farms, and nothing short of bankruptcy ahead for most of them.

Then came a suggestion from one of these farmers, one of the kind who does not know what it means to be licked. Why not take the road over themselves and run it? What? After the owners, experienced railroad men, had failed at it? What do farmers know about railroading? Just the same the idea grew; there were meetings, and committees were appointed. They found the property, which had cost $350,000, could be bought for $100,000. They raised $25,000 to meet outstanding debts, were granted five years to pay the remaining $75,000, and the road was theirs. It is an electric line running from Yorkville to Morris, Illinois, a distance of a little more than 20 miles. Nearly all of the 250 farmers became stockholders. They adopted a policy of strictest economy. They cut down the pay-roll. There are no sumptuous offices, no soft-cushioned, swivel-chair jobs. Headquarters of the road are in a small, wooden structure, where W. C. Miller, general superintendent, and J. L. Gunsul, general freight agent, do their work. The president of the road is Harvey Gunsul, an attorney at Aurora, who takes care of all legal matters in which the road becomes involved.

The first year these farmer-railroaders failed to break even, but this year, the second, they are making money. They succeeded in having their assessments cut down in keeping with reduced valuation, thus lowering their taxes. A strip of the right-of-way was sold for $25,000, which cut a big slice off their indebtedness. Now they feel they are over the hill with their big undertaking and there is smoother sailing ahead.

THE HOARDED MILLIONS OF AMERICAN MISERS

WITH the enormous growth of our savings-bank deposits and the new avenues for thrift opened by postal savings-banks, Liberty Bonds, and the popularization of investments in stocks and bonds, one would hardly expect to find an actual increase in the amount of money that is being "salted away" in old stockings, mattresses, and ginger jars. Yet such is the case, according to financial authorities, and they hold the foreigners and farmers mainly responsible. At the outbreak of the World War the total amount of hoarded money in the country was estimated at $300,000,000. Then came a drop. Some foreigners went home with their money. Many who stayed converted their hoards into Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, etc., or put it into the banks or spent it for luxuries and new comforts. But with soaring wages more money was earned and more secreted until it is the estimate of Joseph S. McCoy, United States Treasury Actuary, that hoarded funds now amount to $400,000,000, an increase of $100,000,000 in ten years. The New York *Times* summarizes the explanation offered by Mr. McCoy to the American Bankers Association, showing how he made his estimate:

It is a fair guess, he holds, that of the 6,000,000 foreign-born wage-earners in the United States, 2,000,000 hoard their savings. He supposes that at least half of these must have been laying by fifty cents a week for an average of three years, making $75,000,000 altogether. The other half, he thinks, must have saved twice that amount, bringing the total of the transient foreign-born worker to $225,000,000.

From the 1920 census Mr. McCoy learned that approximately one-fourth of those engaged in all occupations were farmers. He assumes, therefore, that one-fourth the increase in deposits in savings institutions that year—about $250,000,000—were made by farmers. If some proprietor-farmers deposited that much, he deduces, their help must have hoarded half that much, or an average of $11.50 for the 11,000,000 farm workers, which brings the total so far up to $350,000,000.

In addition, he says, there are about

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,000 misers, each having, in seven or eight ears, accumulated a pile of $5,500, or total of $44,000,000. Then, there are also ome 500,000 persons who keep an average t $75 each on hand for emergency. These wo classes are holding on to some $81,-00,000.

Another $1,500,000 he credits to the toy vings banks in the 24,000,000 American milies. There must be 2,500,000 of these, thinks, containing an average of sixty nts each.

Mr. McCoy then begins all over again, eking to reach the total hoarded sum by nother method.

The Treasury's statement of the amount money in circulation is the basis of this eck. There should be half as much gold n as gold certificates in circulation, or 49 per capita. But gold coin being in frequent use he figures that the amount of ld hidden away is at least $2 per capita, aking a gold hoard of $225,000,000. Of e outstanding $1,140,199,270 in gold rtificates he believes fifty cents a person, $56,000,000, may be counted as hoarded, d of the outstanding $29.55 per capita other forms of paper money, sixty cents r capita, or $67,000,000, may be counted hoarded.

The silver hoard he puts at $67,000,000, owing an average of ten cents a person in ver dollars and of fifty cents a person in bsidiary silver.

By the first method of computation he nd the grand total to be $433,000,000. the second or checking-up method he ds it a safe estimate that the amount of ney withdrawn from circulation and arded at the present time by individuals the United States is $415,000,000.

GROWING USE OF TRAVELERS' CHECKS

THE amount of travelers' checks issued is no longer any index of the volume of eign travel, we read in an article in *The nerican Banker*. As the New York nker is quoted as saying, "the steamship npanies report that while passenger vel to date this year is not as great as it s in 1913, which was the banner year, ll the use of the travelers' checks is in-easing." Other New York banks are id to report large increases in the is-ance of travelers' checks. One banking icer understands that people traveling road are making more extensive use of velers' checks for small purchases in eign markets. But what is attracting e most attention is the conspicuous in-ase in the popularity of travelers' checks use in this country. We are told that:

They are used to-day by people traveling erywhere, even people taking automo-le trips; and it is no uncommon thing r the officers of banks and other business en to carry one or more of these checks a larger or smaller amount in their ckets at all times to meet emergencies.

Another extensive use of the travelers' eck is made by business men in small mmunities who pay for merchandise rchased at distant points where a check awn on their own local bank might not be ceptable as they might be unknown to e seller.

Still another growing use of the travelers' eck is by people who are sending re-ittances abroad or to persons living at distance in this country.

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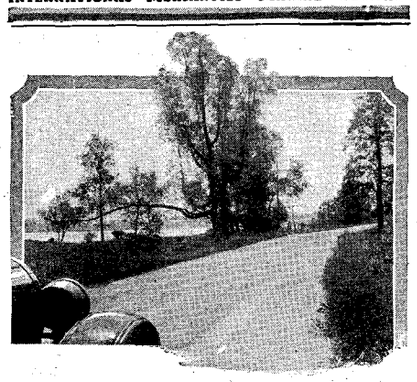

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 10.—France and Spain have reached a full accord on a plan of cooperation to end the warfare in Morocco, says a dispatch from Geneva. Meanwhile tribesmen who had been considered friendly to France are reported joining the Riffians and attacking French posts.

The international conference on arms traffic, meeting at Geneva, adopts a protocol sponsored by the American delegation prohibiting the use of poison gas and bacteria in time of war.

The Canton Chamber of Commerce fails in its effort to induce the rival Chinese leaders fighting for possession of the city to move the seat of warfare outside the business district, and the fighting is growing in intensity.

June 11.—Developments in the Chinese warfare include firing on an American gunboat at Canton, an attack on the British Volunteer Armory at Hankow, in which eight of the attackers are killed, and rejection by the Chinese Government at Peking of the foreign diplomats' arguments that the killing of Shanghai Chinese was a matter of self-defense.

One striker is killed and scores of miners and company police are injured in a fight for possession of the power-plant at New Waterford, Nova Scotia, which operates several mines involved in the British Empire Steel Corporation's controversy with its employees.

June 12.—Troops arrive from Halifax in the Cape Breton coal-field, Nova Scotia, to aid in quelling the strike among the miners employed by the British Empire Steel Corporation.

Foreign steamships are fired on as they move within the fighting zone around Canton. The Kwang-tung army is reported to have broken through the lines of the Yunnanese, defending Canton.

June 13.—The British and Japanese Consulates at Kiu-Kiang are wrecked by Chinese rioters, and in Canton murder and pillage occur following its capture by the attacking Kwang-tung and Cantonese forces under Bolshevist officers.

Striking miners of the British Empire Steel Corporation in the Cape Breton coal-fields of Nova Scotia are in control of the situation, and destruction of property and rioting continue.

The steamer *Ingertre*, sent out by the Norwegian Government to search for the Amundsen Polar expedition, reaches Advent Bay, Spitzbergen.

June 14.—Numerous disquieting reports are reaching Shanghai alleging widespread anti-foreign uprisings throughout China, says a dispatch from Shanghai.

June 15.—President Calles of Mexico receives many marks of support of his resentment of the American note demanding Mexican reform.

A British subject is killed by Chinese snipers at Shanghai, and in Peking Chinese students and business men demand that the Chinese Government sever relations with Great Britain.

Three batteries of artillery are dispatched to the Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, strike area to restore order.

June 16.—The Japanese Government orders four more destroyers to sail for China. In Peking the Chinese Government brings in troops for guard duty, and in Canton the Yunnanese troops, defending the city, surrender to the Kwang-tung army.

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TOMORROW
TODAY

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R. Das, leader of the home-rule party in India and formerly President of the Indian National Congress, dies at his home in Darjiling, India.

DOMESTIC

ne 10.—Governor Baker of Missouri notifies Acting Secretary of War Davis that, because the people of his State have already made their arrangements for the Fourth of July, Missouri can not participate in the Defense Test set for that date.

ne 11.—Senator Smoot of Utah, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, predicts that the next session of Congress will cut taxes by nearly $400,000,000, and that the surtaxes will be reduced to 25 per cent. or lower.

he Federal Government files an anti-trust suit in Chicago against the Tanners' Products Company, the American Hair Felt Company, and 115 companies engaged in tanning in various parts of the country, charging them with a monopoly in cattle and calf hair and hair felt.

ne 12.—Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and prominent labor leader, dies in a hospital at Cleveland. He was sixty-five years old.

enator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama advocates a maximum Federal income tax of 15 per cent., in an address before the Alabama tax clubs, meeting in Montgomery.

he United States Government notifies Mexico that she must restore order and protection of foreigners. Secretary of State Kellogg charges in a public announcement that much property in Mexico has been taken from Americans without due compensation.

uch of the anti-foreign sentiment in China is the result of the foreigner's own attitude toward the Chinese, says Dr. Charles K. Edmunds, for seventeen years president of the Canton Christian College, and now at the college's headquarters in New York.

ne 13.—A demonstration of an apparatus by which moving objects are portrayed by radio over a distance of about five miles and thrown upon a small screen is given by C. Francis Jenkins, a Washington inventor.

ne 14.—President Coolidge refuses to reduce the duty on sugar because the present price of raw sugar is below pre-war level, and because a reduction in duty would mean putting the price below the cost of production on from 20 to 40 per cent. of American farms now growing beets.

hrough the Mexican Embassy at Washington, President Calles notifies the United States Government that Mexico will never "accept any foreign interference contrary to the rights of sovereignty of Mexico," and denies the charges made by Secretary Kellogg.

eventy-four citizens paid taxes on incomes of $1,000,000 or more in 1924 for the taxable year of 1923, according to a preliminary report of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

ne 15.—Foreign Governments pay $68,898,315 to the United States Treasury on account of their funded indebtedness to this Government. Of the amount $68,310,000 was paid by Great Britain; Finland, Hungary, Lithuania and Poland contributing the rest.

ne 16.—Thirty-eight people are killed and sixty injured in the wreck of a special Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train near Hackettstown, N. J. The wreck is said to have been caused by the clogging of the tracks with mud washed down by a heavy storm.

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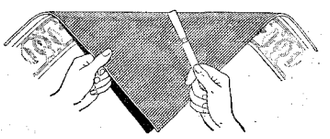

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

So Would We.—"I'd be much better off if they'd put that sign on the mail box."

"What sign?"

"Post no bills."—*Mutual Magazine.*

Sure Sign of Inexperience.—WOMAN IN AUTO—"Good heavens, son; we've just run over a poor man! Stop! Stop!"

DRIVER—"Keep still, mother; you'll make every one think this is the first time we were ever out in an auto."—*Le Rire* (*Paris*).

Legalizing the Crime.—"Mother, can I have those apples on the sideboard?"

"Yes, dear!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you said yes."

"Why, are you so hungry?"

"No—but I have eaten them already."—*Cromos* (*Bogota*).

The Wise Generation.—TEACHER—"We are going to have a little talk on wading birds. Of course, the stork is one—what are you laughing at, Elsie?"

LITTLE ELSIE—"Oh, but, teacher—the idea of there being any storks!"—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal.*

How Editors Get Rich.—I have just learned of an editor who started poor twenty years ago and retired with a comfortable fortune of $50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him $49,990.—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

Passing the Buck.—The evening lesson was from the Book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfilment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."—*Boston Transcript.*

In an English Railway Station.—PORTER—"Balhamstreathamcommonnorburytho-rntonheathselhurstwesteryodonwaddonwallingtoncarshaltonbeechesandsutton train!"

YANK—"Say, boy, you said a mouthful. But where does this train go to?"—*Humorist* (*London*).

Coming Out Even.—SANDY—"Hoo is it, Jock, that ye mak sic an enairmous profit off yer potatoes when ye gie a special price to each freend?"

JOCK—"Well, I tak a half-crown off the price because he's a freend o' mine; then I tak ten pounds off the hunderd weight because I'm a freend o' his."—*London Opinion.*

Not an Altogether Bad Hotel.—

HOTEL BURNS. TWO HUNDRED GUESTS ESCAPE HALF GLAD.

—*Headline in Boston Transcript.*

Static.—FRIEND—"What a horrible noise comes from that radio set!"

RADIO FAN—"Well, I guess you would make just as bad a noise if you were coming out of ether."—*Weekly Scotsman.*

A NEW USE FOR RADIO

"Yelp! Bang! Bang! Bow-wow! Bang! Biff!"
"Great Scott! What's that?"
"Only one o' the woireless scarecrows!"

—*Passing Show* (London).

Marvels of Heredity.—PHYLLIDA—"Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?"

PHILLIP—"I suppose it's hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half women!"—*Bystander* (*London*).

Circumstantial Evidence.—A country school board was visiting a school, and the principal was putting his pupils through their paces.

"Who signed Magna Charta, Robert?" he asked, turning to one boy.

"Please, sir, 'twasn't me," whimpered the youngster.

The teacher, in disgust, told him to take his seat; but an old tobacco-chewing countryman on the board was not satisfied; so, after a well-directed aim at the cuspidor, he said: "Call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."—*The Pepper Pot.*

Some Nerve.—A hardened motori ran down a pedestrian.

"Hey," he shouted, "while you're und there, take a look at my brake rods."—*The Luptonite.*

The Pleasures of Golf.—PLANT SUPT. "Why did you persuade Uncle Tom take up golf? Now he'll live forever."

PLANT SUPT.'s BROTHER—"Don't y believe it—he'll swear himself into ap plexy."—*Telephone Review.*

Better Late Than Never.

AMERICAN VISITOR—"Wh don't they show a comed instead of this scenic?"

ENGLISH HOST—"Oh, th never show comedies at t cinema in England on Satu day night. They're afra they'll cause laughter in t churches."—*Continent.*

Manifestly Impossible.—" knew an artist once who painte a cobweb on the ceiling realistically that the maid spe hours trying to get it down."

"Sorry, dear, I just don believe it."

"Why not? Artists have be known to do such things."

"Yes, but not maids!"—*London Opinion.*

Protecting Her Interests.—A woman went to the bar and asked for a new chec book. "I've lost the one yo gave me yesterday," she sai "But it doesn't matter. I toc the precaution of signing t the checks as soon as I g it—so, of course, it won't b any use to any one else."—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

Judging by the Price.—MRS. NEWRICH—"I want t buy a piece of music for m little girl who is learning t play the piano."

CLERK—"Yes, madam. Her is 'Twilight' for twenty-fiv cents. How would that suit?"

"Oh, she's farther along tha that. Why, last week she played a piec that cost fifty cents. Haven't you go something for about a dollar?"—*Pu Panther.*

One Patient Creditor.—They were mak ing a drive to raise funds for an additio to the African Baptist Church. Tw colored sisters called on old Uncle Berry an aged negro, who lived on the outskirt of the village, and explained the purpos of their visit and asked the aged darkey to give something toward the cause.

"Lawsy, sisters, I sho would like to help you-all along," he said, "but I just ain't got it. Why, I has the hardest time to keep paying a little something on what I already owe round here."

"But," said one of the collectors, "you know you owe the Lord something, too."

"Yes, dat's right, sister," said the old man; "but he ain't pushing me like my other creditors is."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

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